**Report from Portugal** *Barbara Probst Solomon*

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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—October 12, 1974, 50 cents

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## Those Soaring Food Prices
THE EDITORS

## Congress and Tactical Nukes
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**RUNNING HARD FOR REELECTION**
*Illinois Republicans & Railsback*
*Pinning the Big Spender Label on Bayh*

**John Osborne on Ghosts**
**John Seelye on Allen Ginsberg**
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**Eliot Marshall on Arab Investments**

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# Capitalism: moving target

The list of things wrong with business in this country is almost endless. Nearly as long, in fact, as the list of what's right with it.

Perhaps the most frustrating thing about business, for those who keep trying to shoot it down, is this: Corporations are so tenacious that they will even do good in order to survive. This tenacity goes beyond the old maxim that man, in his greed for profit, often unavoidably serves the public interest. In times of crisis, business will even do good *consciously* and *deliberately.*

Nothing could be better calculated to confound business's critics than this underhanded tactic. The Marxist dialectic has it that capitalism must inevitably founder in its own inherent contradictions; that it contains the seeds of its own destruction. But business also contains the seeds of its own adaptation and survival.

Businessmen are pragmatists, and with their daily feedback from the marketplace, they readily abandon dogma whenever their survival instinct tells them to. It has become less and less a question of what they *want* to do or might *like* to do, but of what their common sense and survival instinct tell them they *have* to do.

Remember the Edsel? That was one of the fastest plebiscites in history. But it wasn't the American public that took the loss; it was the shareholders of Ford Motor Company. (Then, you'll recall, Ford changed course and bounced back with the Mustang, which quickly showed its tailpipe to the competition by breaking all sales records for a new make of car.)

Because it is keyed so closely to the marketplace and so responsive to it, private business is necessarily the most effective instrument of change. Some would call it revolutionary. Many of those who attack business fail to comprehend its constructive contributions to responsive change. And this sort of change is one of the basic reasons business manages to survive.

Not *all* businesses survive, of course. The record is replete with companies that expired because they didn't adapt rapidly enough to a new milieu.

While businessmen as a whole are not exactly social reformers, they do respond to criticism and to sustained social pressures. The alert businessman regards such pressures as a useful early warning system. The danger is that criticism can become a mindless reflex action that persists long after the basis for it has been dissipated.

Partly because of its ability to adapt—which is simply another word for responsive change—private business remains the most productive element in our society and on balance the best allocator of resources. If you decide to draw a bead on it, remember you're aiming at a moving target. Because, as we've said here before, business is bound to change.

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# TRB

from Washington
October 12, 1974

## On Trial

When the Watergate trial recommenced last week I went back and looked up the 245-page opening statement of John Dean which he delivered in a level voice with a choir-boy's smile in the glittering Senate marble Caucus Room, June 25, 1973, while his second wife with the honey-colored hair (the one with whom he honeymooned on $4850 "borrowed" from the Nixon reelection fund) sat behind him. And I had long, long thoughts.

The 1968 presidential election, you remember, was very close. Hubert Humphrey got 42.7 percent of the popular vote and Richard Nixon got 43.4 percent, a majority of only 500,000 out of 73 million votes cast, and if California had gone to Hubert (he lost it by 223,000 votes) the election would have gone to the House. And if Hubert had won he would probably have been reelected in 1972 and we wouldn't have had Watergate.

Yet a Watergate would have come, I think, sooner or later. As Peter Kumpa points out, Watergate needs three things and they all came together in 1972—the growing and excessive power of the executive (which hasn't been checked); a time of division and turbulence like that which followed the poisonous Vietnam war (which is still wreaking its "future revenge" on us by the worst inflation in history); and an amoral President, a reclusive, paranoid figure whom we had thoroughly trained in the anything-goes school of American politics.

So lights blazed, TV cameras showed their red "on" signal, the Ervin committee hitched forward and John Dean, John Dean began in an easy natural monotone that he kept up for five days: "To one who was in the White House and became somewhat familiar with its inner workings, the Watergate matter was an inevitable outgrowth of a climate of excessive concern over the political impact of the demonstrators, excessive concern over leaks, an insatiable appetite for political intelligence, all coupled with a do-it-yourself White House staff, regardless of the law."

That's how he began, and five members of the do-it-yourself crew, stony-faced Mitchell, advertising man Haldeman, jaw-jutting Ehrlichman and the lesser figures, Mardian and Parkinson, sat in the court, and 70-year-old Judge Sirica, son of an immigrant, looked over the heads of the men who had once run a government and who had thought so little of the Priest-President that in their private talks they had had no hesitation in interrupting him, contradicting him, and plotting out with him their "scenarios" to gull the public whom he regarded, after all, only as children. Looking down behind Sirica were the statues of Moses, Justinian, Hammurabi and Solon.

It was agile John Dean, that flexible young man so eager to please, with an inner toughness none of his superiors suspected, who decided that perjury is dangerous if you get caught at it and who concluded that the best way to avoid being made the scapegoat is to get to the prosecutor first. Senators couldn't believe what he said and every time they asked questions he came through with some further damning detail. There was more there than he knew himself. "Keep a good list of the press people giving us trouble," the President told him, "we will make life difficult for them after the election." But what was this about tapes? He said that before he decided to turn state's evidence he had learned that the President had informed the government "that he had taped a conversation with me." What conversation—what tape? About his alleged conversation in the Oval Office?

"I do not in fact know if such a tape exists but if it does and has not been tampered with and is a complete transcript, I think that this committee should have that tape, because I believe that it would corroborate many of the things that this committee has asked me to testify about."

Weeks later Alexander Butterfield unexpectedly revealed that everything said in the President's private office was secretly recorded; a year later the Supreme Court, eight to zero, required the President to reveal 64 disputed tapes, and 17 days after that the President was out. He had lied to everybody.

But now comes a part of the drama really stranger in its way than what has gone before. While Judge Sirica tries to impanel a jury with Hammurabi watching over his shoulder, Gerald Ford, the first President since Washington handpicked for the job—a nice man, an open man, an honorable man—is voluntarily going before the House Judiciary subcommittee to tell why he pardoned Richard Nixon, without seeming to understand at all why it caused such stunning consternation. The popularity of no other new President has fallen so precipitously (and perhaps temporarily): 20 points on the Gallup poll. We needed that popularity to get us over the hand-wringing sacrifices of the anti-inflation fight. The popularity of the President, the lift he gave us after the sick-bed of Watergate, were national assets. A lot of that has gone.

Mr. Ford has been here, there and everywhere. He was at the vast hotel ballroom of the Economic Summit where Sen. Cranston delivered a memorable quip: "Recession isn't completely bad: it has allowed every American to live in a more expensive neighborhood, without moving." He has been at his wife's bedside; he has met with leaders of four other big oil-importing powers (inconclusively); he opened the World Bank session. The administration's anti-inflation program and energy conservation program will come at once. But I can only report that the atmosphere of this city is disturbed and finicky; the bounce has gone. Why?

Mr. Ford looked at Nixon's CIA intervention in Chile and thought it was all right. Undermining foreign governments is legitimate: the Russians do it. On the economic front the feeling grows that the administration hasn't really got control: it used up a month in summits and the recession still deepens; the stock market casts a gloomy verdict. Then there is the pardon. Even Nixon never used executive privilege to cut prematurely across the legal process—not only for crimes known but for any "he may have committed." Every day of the Sirica proceeding recalls that the chief unindicted co-conspirator goes free. Then there is the giveaway of the Nixon tapes, which Congress is trying to redress. And the administration's uncertain signals to the Arab oil countries. . . . Let's hope it pulls itself together soon.

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# Those Soaring Food Prices

Rising food prices do more than anything else to shrink the average American's take-home dollar. While the Consumer Price Index was climbing 1.3 percent in August, food prices in grocery stores went up 1.7 percent (wholesale prices rose at an annual rate of 91 percent). Poor families have the worst of it. The US Department of Agriculture's low-cost food budget cost 17 percent more in June 1974 than it did the previous June; the higher-price food budget cost "only" 12 percent more.

Can food prices be held where they are, or lowered? It depends upon how much of the upward surge is artificially created and how much is unavoidable. Almost nothing in our economy is as complex as the pricing of food. The shopper's bill at the checkout counter is affected by weather, commodity speculation, exports and imports, middleman profits, government price supports and a host of other factors, many of which defy control. At the moment they are all pushing upward simultaneously. Production costs on the farm—fuel, fertilizer, machinery, baling wire, credit—are on the rise. So are packaging and transportation costs. Foreigners want more of our grain and soybeans and are willing to pay. The Midwest drought has hurt corn, driving up feed prices for livestock and poultry.

But there are elements of artificiality as well in recent price rises, one of which is the inflationary effects of concentrated market power. In the meat packing, cereal, soup, baby food, and canned fruit and vegetable industries, among others, three or four firms dominate sales. Campbell sells 90 percent of the soup we buy; Kellogg, General Mills, General Foods and Quaker Oats have cornered 90 percent of the breakfast cereal market. Del Monte is king of the fruit and vegetable canners; Gerber reigns over baby food. According to Russell C. Parker of the Federal Trade Commission, 50 food processing companies account for more than 60 percent of food processing profits, and the trend toward concentration—attributable almost entirely to mergers rather than internal expansion—is continuing. These market giants specialize in highly advertised, artfully packaged, overpriced products. In 1972 the FTC says, the cost to consumers of less-than-competitive pricing in 13 food industry lines exceeded two billion dollars. At the retail level 20 large chains made 40 percent of grocery store sales in 1970, up from 30 percent two decades ago. Most cities are at the mercy of two, three or four supermarket chains, which account for the stickiness in retail prices when prices to the farmer

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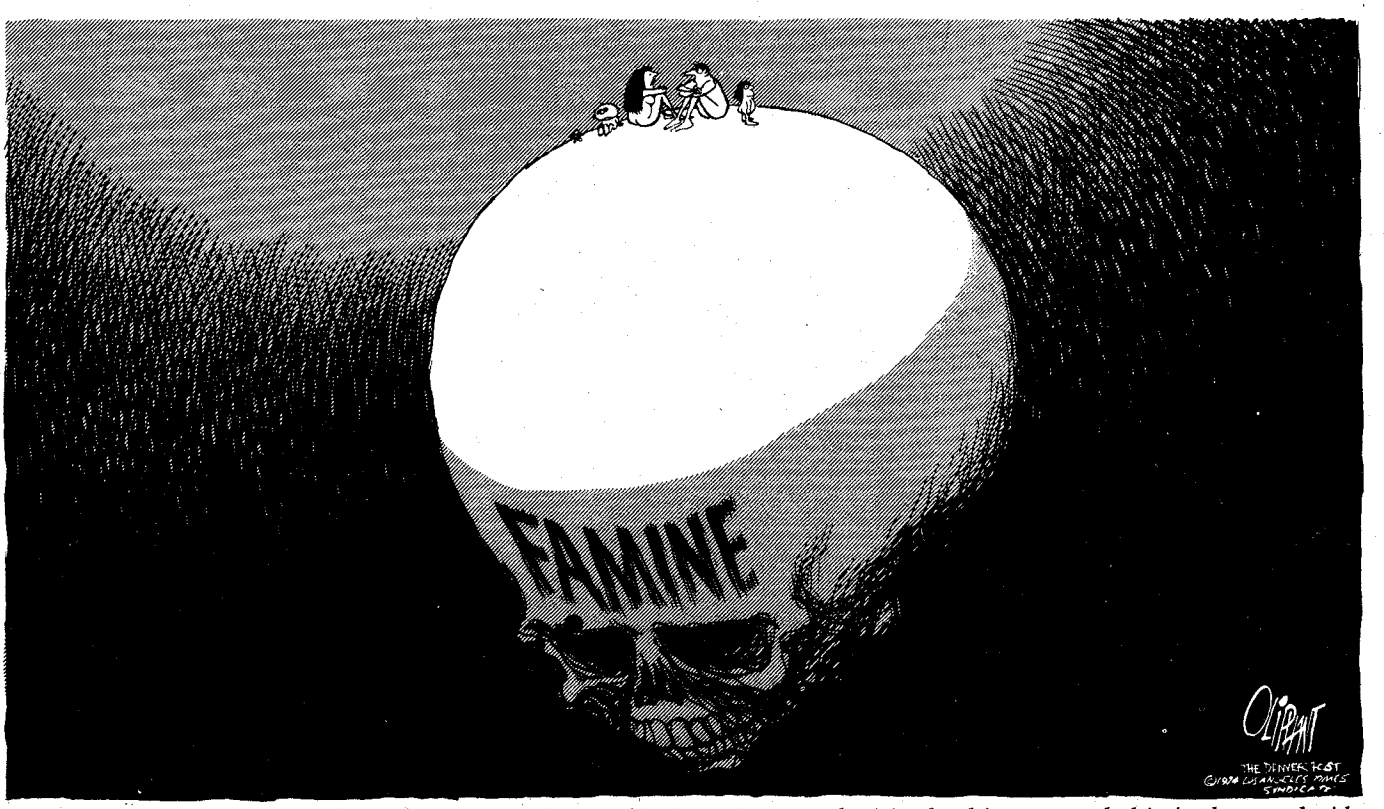
go down. When wholesale beef prices in Chicago plummeted 25 percent earlier this year, retail prices dropped 10 percent. A supermarket executive explained the discrepancy by saying the chains were "only trying to make up a little of what we lost—1973 was a bad year." They seem to have succeeded: *Business Week* reports that for the first quarter of 1974, profits of the largest chains were 59 percent higher than a year ago, though sales were up only 14 percent. The largest supermarket chain, Safeway Stores, nearly doubled its net profit in the third quarter of this year ending September 7—$32 million compared to $16.4 million in the same period in 1973.

The growing market power of processors and retailers does as little for farmers as it does for consumers. Middlemen now collect about 60 cents out of every dollar spent on food, up from 50 cents in the early 1950s. A USDA study found that between 1952 and 1971, 94 percent of the rise in consumer food prices resulted from increased marketing costs; six percent of the rise got to the farmers.

The lettuce industry is an example of what happens when conglomerates move into food production and marketing. About a third of our lettuce comes from the Salinas Valley in California. A few years ago United Brands (formerly United Fruit) began leasing lettuce farms in the valley. It joined the Central California Lettuce Producers Cooperative, a marketers' association that thwarts competition and is exempt from the antitrust laws under the Capper-Volstead Act of 1922. (The intent of the Capper-Volstead Act was to permit small farmers to market cooperatively, thereby avoiding middlemen; large integrated food companies now use it to increase profits and victimize consumers.) United Brands also launched an advertising campaign to sell lettuce as an expensive brand-name product, as it does with Chiquita bananas. In a recent decision the FTC refused to order United Brands out of the lettuce business, as a hearing officer had recommended. In a concurring opinion, Commissioner Mayo J. Thompson said that he could find "little in the way of redeeming social value . . . in an advertising program designed to make something out of nothing, or as country folks say, 'a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'"

The government's contribution to rising prices, through price supports, quotas, subsidies, reserves, set-asides and marketing orders, has not had the notice it deserves. Most of these special interest gifts came out of the Depression and had the commendable purpose of helping small farmers stay alive. They now help primarily the bigger farmers and food corporations. Take marketing orders, which are devices permitting growers and distributors of a given commodity to collectively set production quotas and quality standards—in effect government-sanctioned cartels. The marketing board for peaches figures out how many peaches can be grown each year without undermining the desired market price. It then allocates production, requiring peach growers to "green drop" a certain percentage of their crop. The percentage is the same for small and large growers alike, though small growers can't afford to lose a portion of their crop as easily as big growers can. Each year millions of peaches rot in the fields so that the price in the super-




*"Unemployment, inflation, high food prices, impossible interest rates, bad leadership . . . and this is the* good *side of the world!"*

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market will stay high. There are similar marketing orders for oranges, lemons, apples, pears, grapefruit, plums, avocados, figs, raisins, wine grapes, strawberries, lettuce, potatoes, almonds and other crops. Only one marketing board—the California Egg Board—has a consumer representative on it—one.

The most regulated commodity of all is fluid milk. As we have been reading in the newspapers, the price of milk is set as much by political as by economic pressures. In California where the retail price of milk has risen 33 percent in the past 18 months (and where the California Milk Producers Association dumped 420,000 gallons of raw skim milk into the sewers of Los Angeles last July because it couldn't sell all that milk at prevailing prices) the state director of agriculture sets minimum prices at the processing, wholesale and retail levels. At the processing level, Class 1 milk—which goes into cartons to be sold fresh—gets a substantially higher price than milk used for butter, ice cream, cheese and other dairy products, and each dairyman is assigned a quota for the higher price milk. According to Roy Alper, a lobbyist for the California Citizen Action Group, these quotas—which can be sold—have become quite valuable in recent years. Any dairyman who wishes to increase his sale of Class 1 milk must pay for the right to do so, and sometimes the quota price is the dairyman's single largest expense. "The quota system has not brought us better milk," says Alper. "It has simply made a few dairymen wealthy and raised the price of milk."

Wholesale prices are fixed in such a way that supermarket chains, such as Safeway, which has its own milk processing operation, make a fatter profit than stores that buy from independent creameries. But even nonintegrated retailers fare well, since the minimum retail price set by the director of agriculture includes a 20 percent mark-up for the store. The state auditor general in California conducted a survey of 92 supermarkets and found that the milk mark-up was higher than the mark-up for 11 basic food products whose retail prices are *not* regulated. Some products, such as coffee and sugar, were sold at a loss by a majority of the supermarkets surveyed. Is coffee more nutritious than milk? Should the state require milk drinkers to subsidize coffee drinkers?

One welcome consequence of double-digit inflation is that consumers are more curious than they were about who's picking their pockets, and how. At "mini-summits" and summits, at regulatory commissions and before congressional committees, in local boycott groups, people are asking what portion of recent price hikes represents unavoidable higher costs, what represents high profits, and what reflects noncompetitive market power or politically secured favors. When they learn that their food bills are bigger because of government misregulation or government-sanctioned combinations in restraint of trade, consumers may get mad enough to do more than plant victory gardens.

# Fairness on the Air

Broadcasters henceforth will have less to fear from the Federal Communications Commission when they venture into controversial investigative reporting. The US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has overturned an FCC ruling, which held that NBC violated the Fairness Doctrine by refusing to "balance" its documentary on abuses in private pension plans with positive material on the performance of the entire pension system. By a 2-to-1 vote the court held that in disputes of this sort, the broadcaster's judgment must stand—even if wrong—unless it can be shown to be unreasonable and in bad faith. The majority stressed "vigilant concern that a government agency is not to intervene or burden or second-guess the journalist." Writing for the majority Judge Harold Leventhal said that the First Amendment calls for "widest latitude to the press . . . a robust and uninhibited debate that is subject only to minimum controls."

While the "Pensions" ruling puts a damper on bureaucratic editing of journalistic judgments, the limited scope of the decision should be recognized. The constitutionality of the Fairness Doctrine was not the issue, only its applications by the FCC to one broadcast. Agreeing with NBC that the doctrine had been misapplied by the FCC, the court did not deal with the network's broader contention that the First Amendment had been violated as well. The court confined itself to observing that "the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press . . . has vitality for broadcast journalists, though not in exactly the same degree as for their brethren of the printed word . . . The broadcaster cannot assert a right of freedom of press that transcends the public's right to know." A broadcaster's judgment of fairness can still be overruled if the FCC finds "abuse" or "documentation of unreasonableness." Electronic journalism thus enjoys less than parity with print; the structure of broadcaster accountability to government for news content remains intact.

The mechanism through which the Fairness Doctrine "protects" the public's right to know is the complaint process: the FCC at its discretion forwards complaints to broadcasters and requires them to explain and defend their editorial judgments. The practical implications of this were noted by former FCC Commissioner Robert Bartley: "There is no question that the station managers view just a routine inquiry from the FCC as a threat."

Even if a standard of fairness could be quantified with mathematical precision, which it cannot, and even if future FCCs could be counted on to apply that standard wisely, which they cannot, there would remain the danger of anticipatory self-censorship by broadcasters, eager to avoid tangling with the government and disposed therefore to avoid investigative reporting that is by its nature controversial.

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# Investing Arab Oil Profits

Everyone knew the Arabs would get rich; the question was how rich, how fast, and at what cost to their customers. Some rough answers were given last spring, but they have since been discarded in favor of more sophisticated guesses prepared by two schools of experts, one in the Treasury Department and the other in the World Bank. Their estimates are still tentative because good information is hard to find. (The OPEC countries don't like to talk about their incomes; the publicity might antagonize countries where they hope to place their money. The oil companies also are reticent.) Treasury figures are more modest than those of the World Bank. Depending on which of these sources you prefer, the OPEC nations are expected to accumulate either $500 billion or $650 billion in reserves by 1980. The entire US stock market is valued today at about $600 billion.

Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya, Abu Dhabi and Qatar are the key agents in the cartel for they possess enormous oil wealth but have tiny domestic budgets. The five countries control nearly two-thirds of the oil reserves of OPEC and support only four percent of OPEC's population. In 1973 they provided about half of OPEC's oil output, but as one financial expert points out, they could "cut production by three-quarters and still make more money than they need." If they did cut back that drastically, 38 percent of all oil exports would come off the market, a move that the bank official says could never be matched by conservation in the West. As long as these five agree to take the major burden of production cuts, the cartel will remain intact and prices for oil will stay high. In the meantime the money piles up in OPEC accounts at a rate of $100 billion a year by official government estimate. The net surplus after expenses is expected to be $55 billion this year, and higher next year.

*"Next?"*

According to one Treasury expert's description, the problem is that OPEC refuses to invest its money as we would: "It appears that their asset preferences are not the same as everyone else's." The richest of the oil-rich states, he says, are extremely cautious about investing in Western industry and real estate and are even chary of making long-term loans. They fear reprisals, expropriation. They prefer short-term, movable bank accounts. Treasury Secretary Simon told an investigating congressional committee in September that "some of these countries . . . have placed a high value on anonymity—that is, placing their funds in such a way that the identity of the owners cannot be traced." He guessed that of seven billion dollars invested by OPEC countries in the US this year, about four billion dollars went into government securities and most of the rest into commercial bank accounts; only a few hundred million may have gone into stocks and real estate. The result of this Arab caution has various names in financial jargon—the "capital crunch" or the "liquidity crisis,"—meaning that would-be borrowers need or want more money than the lenders are willing to make available. New construction is difficult to finance; bad credit risks become riskier and little or no surplus is available to lend to the unaffluent. Treasury analysts have also noticed a tendency for OPEC wealth to collect and lie stagnant in large European and American banks, a practice that has begun to undermine smaller, less prestigious competitors. Many banks are turning away Arab capital: who wants a billion dollars if it's going to be taken back tomorrow? This accelerates the drainage away from small institutions and raises the danger that some of them may collapse. If several banks were to give way in quick succession, the theory goes, the domino effect might carry on through a country's entire financial structure. To prevent this the US is urging other governments to study our bank insurance system and set up similar safeguards themselves.

The siphoning of billions of dollars from the business market and into OPEC accounts is having a devastating impact on the shaky economies of Italy, Britain and France. One Treasury official says that

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Italy is now borrowing two dollars for every one dollar of deficit, with no prospect of being able to climb out of the hole. Britain is approaching an equally bad credit position, experts say, but it continues to attract capital on the expectation that some day it will begin producing North Sea oil (see Michael Mosettig's report from London in this issue). France, despite its recent decision to impose an oil austerity program, is expected to be in dire straits 10 months or a year hence. The Japanese have taken the unprecedented step of borrowing money in New York. The situation of the truly poor nations like India and Bangladesh is worse, primarily because these countries need immediate help in financing food and fertilizer purchases. The brutal impact of inflation on these nations has been staved off temporarily this year with emergency loans from the International Monetary Fund, but these stopgap measures will not suffice for long. The manager of the IMF's emergency "oil facility," Johannes Witteveen, announced last week that the $3.4 billion provided by OPEC is almost exhausted, and that much larger contributions will be needed to keep the developing nations afloat in 1975. (Britain has asked the IMF to expand the oil facility to handle $30 billion next year and to permit loans to industrialized countries as well as to the poor. The fund has never managed transactions on this scale before.) OPEC countries have been reluctant to contribute to the oil facility on a large scale because that would commit them to a long-range program over which they have little control. Also odd as it appears, OPEC countries believe that they themselves are underdeveloped, and they are eager to spend money on industrialization at home. Saudi Arabia is quadrupling its national budget this year.

OPEC has been more successful than anyone imagined it would be. The five Arab countries mentioned earlier are taking in billions of dollars faster than they can use them, and since they are unwilling or unable to lend the money back on a long-term basis, a large chunk of the world's wealth has effectively been removed from circulation. "Recycling" the OPEC surplus—so much discussed in the last week—hasn't begun and won't begin until the Arabs brave the dangers of investing in the West. In order for recycling to work, the West must accept Arab financiers as absentee landlords of some of the most successful businesses and banks, and perhaps as backers of some governments as well. In effect the West Europeans would become sharecroppers buying from OPEC's company store. The governments with the most at risk are in no position to complain, for they desperately need money and the oil cartel countries are the likely source. Thus it falls to the US to protect the interests of the oil users, who cannot themselves confront OPEC. How it can do that is the unanswered question.

**Eliot Marshall**

# Military Branding Iron

After 18 months of service in Vietnam, Steven Harcourt came home with a fistful of medals and a discharge certificate that he was ashamed to show anyone. Hidden among the alphabet of abbreviations, letters and numbers on his discharge papers was a "secret" code that labeled him as a junkie. But the code wasn't secret and Steve Harcourt never used drugs. He is one of thousands of victims of the military's "SPN" system—a system so unfair that the Pentagon finally conceded that it had to be changed. Rather than correcting the situation, however, the Defense Department has made it worse.

Ever since 1947 the military has placed a special code on each serviceman's "Report of Separation from Active Duty" (DD Form 214). Although the discharge may be honorable or under honorable conditions, this code—termed "Separation Program Numbers" (SPN) by the army and navy and "Separation Designator Numbers" (SDN) by the air force—can brand the veteran for life.

Among the SPN categories are bedwetting, unclean habits, aberrant tendencies, anti-social or amoral traits and inadequate personality. There are 14 different SPN numbers for homosexuality and homosexual tendencies. Some, like "resignation for the good of the service," simply leave to the reader's imagination what the former soldier's undesirable characteristics are. In many instances, says Rep. Edward Koch (D, NY), SPN numbers are capriciously assigned with no objective method for determining whether or not an individual actually fits into a certain category.

Few veterans know the code exists, but many civilian corporations do. And they utilize the SPN code to determine whether or not to hire a particular vet.

Steve Harcourt, for instance, spent a year looking for a job. Potential employers asked to see his discharge papers. Proud of his record in the military and under the impression that veterans have a better chance at employment than other applicants, he readily handed them over. Time and time again he was denied work. Finally one personnel officer told him that if he really wanted a job, the first thing he should do was get rid of those "bad papers." Harcourt didn't understand; he had been discharged under honorable conditions. "Look," the man explained, "every time you let them see those documents, they know you're an addict."

Harcourt's SPN number—384—was placed on his records by the commanding officer at his last duty station before discharge. It could mean anything from trafficking in huge quantities of heroin to the alleged possession of a minuscule amount of marijuana. No differentiation is shown on his discharge papers. It wouldn't matter anyway says Harcourt; he has never

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used drugs.

Military records show that he was never convicted of a drug offense, never accused of one, and never notified that the SPN code existed let alone that he had been given an adverse SPN number. He has spent the last several months petitioning the Army Discharge Review Board to correct his records. It could be two years before they make a final determination, which is of little help to Steve Harcourt. Possible employers have reacted the same way. "If the army says a guy's a junkie," says one, "then he's a junkie."

There are over 800,000 veterans with adverse SPN numbers, yet for over 20 years the military's response has been to ignore it as a problem. The Pentagon maintained that it was "essential for military purposes" to stamp a veteran's discharge document with this code. And it refused to acknowledge that employers had access to the meaning of the code.

Then the revelations began reaching congressional offices: employers admitted the use of the code; reporters obtained it simply by asking Defense Department public relations men; the American Legion published the list in its handbook, cautioning about the impact of SPN numbers on potential employment.

As a result Koch and Wisconsin Democrat Les Aspin introduced a bill to ban the practice of placing the code on servicemen's discharge papers. Koch convinced 45 members of the House to join in supporting this legislation. Still the Department of Defense refused to limit the use of the code.

Then one day Aspin was giving a speech in Rhode Island. Sharing the platform with him was the crusty ranking minority member of the House Armed Services Committee, William Bray (R, Ind.). A member of the audience inquired about the SPN problem. Bray didn't understand. Aspin seized the opportunity and went to work lobbying the Indiana congressman on the inequities of the code. Bray then went to Armed Services Committee Chairman Edward Hébert. In turn Hébert agreed to Bray's request and wrote Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger protesting the use of SPN numbers as a detriment to veterans once they reach civilian life. The Defense Department had been able to ignore junior members like Koch and Aspin, but Hébert and Bray were something else. Finally this March 22 Schlesinger conceded that the use of SPN numbers "can be a cause of undesirable discrimination . . . by private employers and other persons in civilian life . . . We do not intend or desire such results whatever the circumstances of an individual's separation from active duty." Therefore, Schlesinger said, he would discontinue the use of SPNs on discharge papers provided to the veteran.

On March 27 Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Leo Benade ordered the termination of SPN numbers, narratives or any other identifiable reference to discharge authority or reenlistment code on the individual's copy of his discharge certificate. Although the military could continue to use the SPN code for internal use and both the Veterans Administration and the Selective Service System could receive it, future veterans would not have the code stamped on their papers and those veterans who wished to have their SPN numbers removed from existing documents could do so by writing the Defense Department.

It seemed as if the problem had been solved. In fact, says Koch, "in typical military fashion, the Pentagon only ended up making things worse."

First, countless thousands of veterans who have already received adverse SPN numbers still do not know that the code exists. Thousands are not aware that they have derogatory numbers. The few who do, don't know that they can be changed. Those who send their papers to have their numbers eradicated face the prospect of potential employers assuming the worst. If an employer won't hire a person with a negative SPN before, notes one veterans' counselor, what will he think of one who went to all that trouble to have his blocked out?

Second, there are those who will be discharged in the future. True, none of them will be handed DD214s with SPNs on them. But at the time they leave the military they will be offered a second sheet as well—a new form that not only has a SPN number, but also has a narrative explaining what the number means. This form does not have to be taken by the soldier, but military personnel have been directed to emphasize the need for the serviceman to accept it. A July 29 directive from the commanding officer, Military Personnel Center, stresses that the soldier should be told that this optional form "could be of assistance to you in receiving employment."

Not many servicemen will refuse to take the form. Those with narratives marking them adversely will simply throw the potentially harmful document away. Others will make it a part of their employment record because it will certify meritorious service. The result, says Aspin's military expert Ed Miller, will soon be that every veteran without a narrative explanation of his reason for discharge will soon be considered a poor employment risk, as was the ex-GI with the bad SPN.

Moreover the Defense Department has now reduced the number of SPN categories from 530 to 126. As a result each category has a broader meaning, thus making it more susceptible to misinterpretation. "If a soldier commits an offense," Miller argues, "he should be charged, tried, and if found guilty, then punished. It's wrong to arbitrarily mark a serviceman for life because he may have a certain inclination or trait."

"The use of the code—in any form—is good for only one thing," remarks a retired general, "to blacklist certain soldiers when they reach the civilian world."

**Michael D. Edwards**

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## White House Watch

# Ghosts

Within an hour after Vice President Gerald Ford became President Ford on August 9, he gathered some 20 of his predecessor's principal assistants in a conference room across a corridor from the Oval Office that had suddenly become his office and told them to relax. He said that he didn't want the automatic resignations that are customarily submitted to a new President. He said that he needed their help, he wanted them to stay with him "through the transition," and he wanted them to assure their subordinates that there were to be no abrupt changes and dismissals. There would be changes in due time, of course. But those who chose or were asked to leave the White House staff would have plenty of time to find other jobs and those who wished to work elsewhere in government would be helped to find jobs. Mr. Ford used a rather odd figure of speech to make his central point. Nobody, he said, was going to be thrown off the airplane without a parachute.

It was a kindly and generous gesture, in sharp and instantly noted contrast with Richard Nixon's cold and witless demand on the day after his reelection in 1972 for the resignations of most of his assistants. It also was in recognition of the obvious fact that the Nixon staff had to be kept pretty much intact for awhile if the business of the presidency was to be done. Some of the effects, however, were unintended and unfortunate for all concerned. Two months after Mr. Ford took over, many veterans of the Nixon time still didn't know whether they were expected to remain or quit. Many who knew that they were expected to leave didn't know when they had to be out. Very few had been given firm termination dates. A few assistants in the upper ranks had come to vague understandings with Gen. Alexander Haig, the staff chief who was replaced on September 30 by Donald Rumsfeld, that they'd have until dates ranging from October 15 to December 1 to find other jobs.

In the meantime the term "Nixon holdover" had become an epithet in the White House press room and in much of the media. Reporters and commentators reproached the President for not adopting and enforcing a policy of arbitrary dismissal that media union contracts generally forbid and a company management would be criticized for applying to its executives. Some of Mr. Ford's own people, under strict orders though they were to be considerate and patient, were getting impatient for a practical reason. They wanted to put their own choices into the budget slots still occupied by Nixon people and were beginning to let the Nixon people know it in ways varying from subtle to savage. Although I applaud Mr. Ford's policy of patience and deplore the vengeful attitude toward anything and anybody associated with Richard Nixon that accounts for much of the pressure upon the President to make a quick and total sweep, the Ford White House at times seems even to me to be populated with ghosts from the Nixon past.

Eight of the 13 assistants who attended the first senior staff meeting that Donald Rumsfeld, himself a former Nixon counsellor, presided over were Nixon appointees. No changes that can be attributed to Mr. Ford's advent have occurred on the staffs of two of the principal White House entities, the Domestic Council and the National Security Council. Kenneth Cole, executive director of the Domestic Council, says he's had enough of government after five years and intends to quit early next year. Tod Hullin and Joyanna Hruska, who were respectively confidential assistant and secretary to Cole's indicted predecessor, John Ehrlichman, remain on the council staff and are said to be doing good work. Lawrence Higby, a former assistant to the departed and indicted H. R. Haldeman, is at the Office of Management and Budget and hopes to stay. Rose Mary Woods, Mr. Nixon's $36,000-a-year executive assistant, and her $23,000 "staff assistant," Marjorie Acker, work on Nixon files in the former President's hideaway suite in the Executive Office Building.

One of the more interesting survivors is J. Fred Buzhardt, who was staff counsel to Mr. Nixon and briefly to Mr. Ford. Buzhardt and James St. Clair, the former President's chief Watergate lawyer, displeased President Ford by ruling rather arbitrarily that the tapes and documents accumulated by Mr. Nixon during his presidency are his personal property. A resultant and prevalent impression is that Buzhardt is an unwanted hanger-on at the Ford White House. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He remains, he hopes not very much longer, at the urgent request of his successor as counsel to the President, Philip Buchen. Buchen wants Buzhardt around for a fascinating reason. The written records of Mr. Nixon's Watergate maneuvers and defense are sequestered with other Nixon papers and are not available to the Ford staff. The chief and in some instances the only source of information that Buchen needs in dealing with the Watergate aftermath is Fred Buzhardt's memory of what went on. Michael Sterlacci, one of 15 lawyers who worked under St. Clair, is also helping Buchen and other Ford lawyers with Watergate problems. Sterlacci is among 22 government employees who were listed the other day as on detail to Mr. Nixon. Sterlacci was in San Clemente for a few days, working on legal problems connected with the transition, but at this writing is back at work for Buchen and the President. Jean Staub, another St. Clair lawyer, was retained until recently at the insistence of federal Judge John Sirica, who wanted a White House attorney available on demand to help him when he was screening subpoenaed Nixon tapes. She has joined a Washington law firm and Sterlacci is the only St. Clair attorney who

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remains on the Ford staff.

Five assistants who were among the most aggressive in Mr. Nixon's defense and among the most bitterly hurt when he resigned provide a cross-view of what's happening. Bruce Herschensohn, who coordinated private support for Mr. Nixon, resigned four days after Mr. Ford became President and is executive director of a new conservative organization that professes to be dedicated to support of the presidency as an institution. Father John McLaughlin, a Jesuit priest who joined the Nixon staff as a speechwriter and wound up making speeches to conservative audiences in Mr. Nixon's behalf, resigned on October 2 after ignoring for many weeks repeated indications that his early departure from the Ford staff would be welcomed. Richard Moore, a lawyer and sometime broadcast executive who was a public relations adviser first to John Mitchell and then to Mr. Nixon, resigned on September 30 and probably will have departed when this is read. Patrick Buchanan, a conservative consultant to Mr. Nixon and an outspoken critic of what he considers to be the dangerously liberal and biased national media, hoped for awhile to stay in government and would have liked to be ambassador to the Union of South Africa. He's changed his mind or had it changed for him and in early October he was planning to quit and write a syndicated newspaper column.

The fifth example is Ken W. Clawson, who as Mr. Nixon's second and last director of communications managed the final propaganda campaign in his behalf. Clawson is one of the assistants who had or thought they had an understanding with Gen. Haig. It was that Clawson could count on remaining on the federal payroll until November 15 or December 1. Nobody pretended that he would do or would be expected to do any work for President Ford. Although he is not among the officials and employees listed on detail to Mr. Nixon, Clawson went to San Clemente in mid-September and was still there on October 1. He said in the previous week that "I'm simply doing for The Old Man what he's been asking me to do, which is just transition-type stuff." Mr. Nixon had entered a Long Beach hospital for treatment of his phlebitis. Clawson cited as an example of what he was doing a statement that he had drafted for Mr. Nixon, thanking the thousands of people who had wired, written and telephoned their hopes for his recovery and their general good wishes. At this writing, no trace of the statement has been noted in print or on the air. Clawson, who was one of the best national reporters in Washington when he let Charles Colson talk him into leaving *The Washington Post* for the Nixon White House in early 1972, is in the market for a job and hasn't been offered one that suits him. It's no fun and no asset, being known as a loyal assistant to and apologist for Richard Nixon.

**John Osborne**

## Running Hard

# "Big Spender" Bayh

*Indianapolis*

Republicans in the country's heartland are trying to salvage as much as possible out of the wreckage of Watergate by pinning the "big spender" label on Democrats with "liberal" tendencies. If it works anywhere, it should work here in Indiana, where balancing the budget has long been the revealed religion and deficit spending viewed as an invention of the devil. But the revealed religion will not, in my opinion, be enough to propel Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar, the GOP nominee, past Sen. Birch Bayh (D) this November.

The rules of the game are simple. If your opponent is an incumbent, look up all the votes he cast to spend money, write down the figures and add them up. If he's been there for awhile, the grand total will frighten even the sturdiest souls. If you're the incumbent, add up all your votes against spending and repeat the total at every opportunity. This strategy that is being used against Bayh was planned by GOP national committee member L. Keith Bulen, who runs an in-house consulting firm. First an orchestrated attack was launched on Bayh by all statewide GOP candidates just before Labor Day. It was said he voted for an average of $25 billion a year in spending above that approved by Congress, that he put his name on 500 bills in five years that would have cost another $235.8 billion. "He's a nice guy, but Indiana can't afford him."

Two can play the numbers game. Democratic candidates are armed with figures made available by the Joint Committee on Reduction of Federal Expenditures, showing that the national debt climbed higher and faster—$140.9 billion—under Nixon than in the 20 previous years. Federal spending nearly doubled under Nixon, and the debt is now over $500 billion.

Democrats are also reminding voters that in mid-September there were still more than 30 people on federal payrolls detailed to Mr. Nixon, at an annual cost of $500,000.

Lugar's polls show that only 25 to 30 percent of Indianans think government spending is the principal cause of inflation. If one assumes that Lugar (and other Republican candidates in other states) already have the bulk of that vote, they still must persuade another 20 to 25 percent of their argument, and that will be harder to do. The voters know about the artificial hike in oil prices, of wheat and corn sales abroad, of crop failures in some areas of this country, of competition from abroad. If "too many dollars [are] chasing too little goods," as Lugar says, all those dollars may not be dollars in the hands of Americans. Voters *are* deeply concerned about inflation, but there's also a nagging fear that cuts in federal spending will trigger widespread unemployment. Republican strategists are

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aware of this and have been pushing for more public employment *and* cuts in the federal budget.

Democratic incumbents are trying to get off the defensive by reminding constituents of *their* votes against spending—from opposition to the Lockheed loan and the supersonic transport (SST) to attempts to trim the space budget and foreign aid, especially military aid to dictatorships. Foreign aid has never been popular across the heartland or in the Southwest and the Rocky Mountain states, and a lot of House members are reaping rewards for consistently voting against it. GOP candidates "hawkish" in their outlook are having to answer for voting to spend billions for arms abroad.

This spending debate has taken a curious turn in Indiana. Bayh's opponent has been the mayor of Indianapolis for seven years and has a national reputation as a "doer." He's one of the few topflight candidates the GOP was able to recruit last winter when the Watergate affair was murdering the Republicans. Lugar is effective when he talks about his accomplishments as mayor of the state's largest city; he's not when he adopts the Keith Bulen strategy of criticizing the big-time spenders. In their first televised debate, Lugar showed up poorly, rarely smiling as he recited his negative lines. Bayh turned on his charm and reminded voters of Lugar's splendid spending record. The budget of Indianapolis has gone up 250 percent under Lugar, with many millions of federal dollars channeled his way by friends in the Nixon administration.

We're seeing a shift in Democratic strategy from the programmatic emphasis of the Great Society years. Candidates aren't promising new programs that cost money. One of Lugar's more effective lines as he campaigns through the courthouse towns is his description of the Democratic formula of bygone years—"promise and spend, spend and promise." There's a genuine concern, for example, over the escalating cost of health care.

Who wins the "big spender" debate, however, may depend more upon what President Ford does in the weeks ahead than on anything any candidate says. Ford sounded the keynote of an end to deficit spending in his first hours as chief executive. The Democratic controlled Congress did not disagree and appears to be making a conscientious effort to bring spending somewhere close to estimated revenues ($294 to $299 billion). It even cut five billion dollars off the Pentagon budget at the instigation of none other than Chairman McClellan of the Senate Appropriations Committee. If the President doesn't make some progress toward getting the economy under control in the next month or so, his party's candidates are not going to make much hay out of the old crop of slogans about fiscal morality.

**Paul R. Wieck**

# Railsback and the GOP

*Macomb, Ill.*

Mary Louise Smith, Gerald Ford's choice as the new Republican National Committee chairperson, has been out here exhorting the party faithful—with time-worn admonitions against apathy and complacency which have been the staple of Midwestern Republican politics for a long time. She came into Rep. Tom Railsback's district recently, addressing a gathering at the Macomb 4-H Fairgrounds on a clear, crisp Saturday. The crowd of 300 was smaller than expected, so there was plenty of barbecued pork (this is pig, not cattle country) and homemade pie to feed the gray-haired, comfortable folk who are the backbone of the party hereabouts.

That Mrs. Smith found it necessary to campaign for a man like Tom Railsback, who occupies what should be an absolutely safe Republican seat, is a measure of the uncertainty gripping the party. Railsback is in trouble—not desperate trouble, but enough to bring in the GOP's big guns. Railsback's trouble stems, of course, from the disaffection of local Nixon-line regulars, which is palpable and deep, forcing him to run hard against his Democratic opponent, an unknown Moline attorney named Jim Gende. So Railsback presses the flesh, makes himself a familiar figure any place where 20 or more potential voters gather and, wonder of wonders, even volunteers to address political science classes at Western Illinois University. That's really running scared.

Railsback's district lies both physically and psychologically at the heart of the mythic Peoria to which Nixon, Mitchell, Haldeman and all the smaller enchiladas used to play. A few miles to the east, C. L. Dancey, the conservative editor of *The Peoria Journal-Star,* is still defending Nixon, and his newspaper is very influential. Redistricting moved part of this rural area into Railsback's district, making him relatively unfamiliar to the voters of some counties. The land he represents is incredibly rich, thick and black earth, producing more corn and hogs per acre than any other in the world, and consequently of incredible value. (A 160-acre farm recently sold for $1824 per acre—that's nearly $300,000, purely for agricultural purposes.) There are probably more farmer-millionaires in West Central Illinois than anywhere outside Texas' lower Rio Grande Valley, and these farmers don't have oil money to swell their take—just lots of corn and hogs. The people are prosperous, content, and generally still admiring of Richard Nixon, whose political alchemy worked so well for so long among them, and whose visceral appeal to their rural mistrust of big cities, Democrats and all their works still lingers. "Democrats," one proper local Republican matron once sniffed, "are simply people who don't pay their

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bills."

Tom Railsback's conscience-stricken, televised desertion of Richard Nixon during the impeachment inquiry, while it may have done wonders for the image of Midwestern Republican integrity nationally, did him little good back home. His people would have felt more comfortable with Rep. Sandman. Railsback is *of* these people, but he is not *like* them. He knows it and they know it. In many ways he is the best they produce, programmed from infancy, it would seem, for success in the traditional Midwestern mode—all-state high school basketball player, outstanding young Jaycee, potential heir to Everett Dirksen's mantle. But his anti-Nixon stand set him apart. Were it not for the Judiciary hearings, there would be no doubt about his political future. He is not yet 40, stands well over six feet tall, has an athletic build and the balding sandy hair and clear blue eyes that make him look like a young Jerry Ford. His patterns of speech are unexceptional, fumbling Midwestern openness and studious avoidance of elegance. Verbally clever politicians, one must remember, incite a certain distrust in the Midwest. Everett Dirksen was an exception to the rule, but then he was an exception to almost everything, and in any case his appeal lay more in clownishness than cleverness.

And so Mrs. Smith tells the faithful how much President Ford needs Tom Railsback, slings familiar barbs at George Meany (as Railsback himself had done in introducing her), mentions the horrible possibility of a "veto-proof Congress" should "excellent young men of integrity like Tom Railsback" fall victim to the Democrats, makes sure that the faithful recognize who the real enemy is—Democrats with their unions and Mayor Daley's black inner city majorities. The crowd is tentative, restive, politely enduring her remarks on behalf of the hopeless senatorial candidacy of George Burditt against Adlai Stevenson III. At the end the people grudgingly rise to give her a standing ovation, their American flag lapel pins glinting in the sun. She is an anomaly in small-town Republican politics—none of the major candidates in Illinois is a woman; no female has a position on the party's regional executive committee.

Still Mrs. Smith is not to be taken lightly. She commands the deferential respect any wealthy Des Moines physician's wife (which she is) gets among status-conscious middle Americans. She is an effective platform speaker, her broad Midwestern accent laced with a certain cultured authority. Grandmotherly, she radiates a familiar, down-home integrity that got lost somehow in the Nixon years. The crowd seems to realize instinctively that this is the kind of woman who, had she been present at one of Richard Nixon's taping sessions, would have wanted to wash the locker room language out of the presidential mouth. Gerald Ford probably knew what he was doing when he appointed her. Tom Railsback may yet owe a great deal to her.

**George E. Hopkins**

**SOON:** How the 93rd Congress voted on 24 key issues selected by the editors

## No Longer a Two-Party Country

# British Elections

*London*

The autumn has begun with crisp mornings and sunny days after a dismal and rainy summer. The civility and charm that have for so long attracted beleaguered American urbanites to London still abound. Prices, of course, are shooting up and are almost unrecognizable to one who lived here only five years ago. After four years of inflation, now reaching a 20 percent annual rate, England is no longer a low-cost country. Yet shops and stores are busy; a buy-now-before-it's-too-late philosophy is at work. The theater is thriving commercially if not artistically. Business may be off in the fanciest West End restaurants, but neighborhood bistros and trattorias of increasingly good quality are jammed with late-night diners.

Yet there are signs of fraying at the edges. Terrorist bombings are a reminder that the "Irish Question" remains, 300 years after Cromwell, 100 years after Gladstone and almost 60 years after the Easter uprising. Hooliganism is on the increase at football matches and on public transport. Buses and subways run less efficiently. Old buildings are too often replaced by ugly new ones. The poor and lower-middle classes have been pinched tightly by the unremitting inflation. The upper-middle class and rich can usually stay ahead or even, but it is the future that worries them. The general election this week—the second in nine months—promises no end to political stalemate or economic stagflation.

On Fleet Street, where doom and trivia are dispensed in equal dollops by a dwindling number of newspapers, the air is heavy. "I have a bet on," says a Fleet Street editor, "that parliamentary democracy will not survive another five years. With every passing day, I look more likely to pick it up." *The Economist* predicts "a period of serious deterioration in the fabric of British society." From editors, businessmen, politicians comes a constant warning: no nation has sustained for any time at all a 20 percent rate of

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inflation and still maintained its democratic institutions.

Paper fortunes have been lost in the drop on the London Exchange to a postwar low. Businesses are squeezed for cash, and more bankruptcies are forecast. The housing and property market that inflated drastically in the last two years has ground to a halt; every London block is dotted with "For Sale" signs, but there is no mortgage money for prospective buyers. A vacation package tour group recently collapsed leaving thousands minus their annual holidays and next to no chance of retrieving their vacation money. The last major European nation to recover economically from World War II and to taste the fruits of consumerism and affluence now sees them being plucked away.

In a nation where central heating has still not won total acceptance, it is the demand for such items as dishwashers, modern kitchens and washing machines—without a concurrent growth in real income or productivity—that helps spur inflation. Young couples complain the mortgage crunch is keeping them from buying a suburban house, when only in the last decade has homeowning been open to any but the rich. Cars jam the city and suburban streets; and the high cost of gasoline, $1.25 a gallon at the pump and from the Arab wellhead, is adding heavily to inflation and Britain's balance of payments bills.

It is no comfort that no parliamentary democracy in the West is coping successfully with inflation and affluence. But in Britain a case can be made that the political establishment is not even confronting them. Rather than discussing ways of expanding real wealth, much of the debate revolves around how to divide up a dwindling pie. When in doubt revert to class warfare.

It is the pronounced division of classes that has prompted the retired Col. Blimps to form their citizen armies, ready to man the power stations in case of a late autumn general strike. On the other side these divisions have prompted more strident calls for extensive nationalization of private business and new wealth taxes. The working man's family, squeezed to the point that even the traditional Sunday roast has become a luxury, does not respond to suggestions for wage restraint, and his unions do not bother making the suggestion. The middle-class commuter is angry at the unions, dismayed at the political stalemate and frightened by prospects of higher prices and new taxes.

The skill of the British political establishment since the war had been to develop and gradually expand the welfare state and mixed economy while papering over divisions and avoiding outright class confrontation. Edward Heath, the last Conservative Prime Minister, broke those unwritten rules by deciding to take on the unions. He paid a price in losing last winter's election, called during the coal miners' strike and the three-day work week. The Tories talk of replacing Heath, the two-time (1966 and 1974) loser and one-time (1970) winner, with a fresher face. Their talk has the same wistful tone as the talk in Republican congressional lobbies, before impeachment, that Richard Nixon would somehow just go away. And the Tories go into the election divided between those advocating a tight-money and possibly high unemployment policy to combat inflation and those pushing milder restraints.

Ironically Laborite Prime Minister Harold Wilson campaigns as the candidate of conciliation—at least he will not provoke the labor unions and he may hold together a party divided over the Common Market and becoming further stretched between its Marxist and non-Marxist wings.

But England is no longer a two-party country. Neither is it a three-party country. The most important outcome of this election could be to confirm it—even if temporarily—into a multiparty country. Because of the nonproportional, single-member district voting, third and fourth parties have never gained more than diversionary strength since the war. But their votes in this election may prove enough of a diversion to make some form of peacetime coalition government a live prospect for the first time since the Depression.

Even with a big jump in their popular vote last February, the Liberal third party still collected only 14 seats in the House of Commons compared with 301 for Labor and 297 for the Tories. With candidates in virtually all the constituencies this time, the standard question is how many more seats can the Liberals pick up and will there be enough to hold the balance of power and perhaps to enter a coalition? Analyses built around that proposition are chewed over in political columns. They tend, however, to ignore several prospects: that the Liberals may have peaked as a protest vehicle in February; that this election may show the real blossoming of the Welsh and Scottish nationalist parties; and that the importance of the Liberal vote may be in the number of marginal seats it tilts in the direction of the Tories or Socialists, producing in a fluke manner a strong parliamentary majority for one of the major parties. Labor has spurned a coalition with the Liberals, even though both parties are committed to income redistribution. But the Tories have been nibbling at the coalition bait.

The urge to power and the morality of coalitions do not trouble the nationalist parties. In Wales and Scotland they are the beneficiaries of the general political malaise plus the regional and linguistic nationalism that is stirring throughout Europe from Croatia to Brittany and Flanders and now to Britain. In Wales the nationalist movement is largely linguistic. In Scotland it is becoming economic and for that reason more serious. North Sea oil has given Scottish nation-

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alism a reason for being. The oil is the balm that all Britain is counting on by the 1980s, with hopes of self-sufficiency that could reverse its economic fortunes. While it is obviously better to be an oil exporter than importer, the North Sea has become the latest illusion for the ever-optimistic British. They talk of oil now as they talked in the 1960s of joining the Common Market, which would give the country new outlets for its products and political talents. Economically and politically the Common Market has been a disillusioning experience for Britain, just as the failure of Britain, especially under Wilson, to play a strong role has disappointed its more European-minded market partners.

And then there is Ulster. In addition to all its other problems, it now has Enoch Powell. Having split with Heath and the Tories, Powell is running for a Northern Ireland seat to Westminster. If elected he will become the *de facto* leader of the rump Ulster Protestant nationalist faction. These are the old Unionists who used to vote with the Tories in the House of Commons. They go their own way now, feeling betrayed by the tolerant policies with which the last Tory government tried and almost succeeded in bringing some peace to that province. The chances of a strong one-party government with a healthy working majority are slim indeed.

In Britain and on the Continent there are cynics who say the British actually enjoy all this, that they feel best coping with adversity. There are certainly plenty of reminders that they have endured and survived worse than this. Despite the builders and bulldozers the place is redolent of history. In an early evening one can walk across the river and catch the towers of Westminster jutting into a blue-gray dusk. On the last night of the Proms hundreds of fresh-faced kids jam Albert Hall, wave their Union Jacks and sing "Land of Hope and Glory" as if Queen Victoria herself were leading the chorus. The question in 1974 is not whether there will always be an England, but what kind of Britain will emerge from this unhappy decade. The British will be lucky if they have any better answer to that question after the election than they do now.

**Michael D. Mosettig**

MR. MOSETTIG *is a* NBC *news editor and former* UPI *correspondent in Europe.*

## Report from Portugal

# The Divided Junta

## By Barbara Probst Solomon

*Barbara Solomon's article was written following conversations she had in Lisbon late this summer. Conflicts within the Junta of National Salvation to which Ms. Solomon refers led last week to the forced resignation as President of Gen. Antonio de Spinola, and the installation of Gen. Francisco da Costa Gomes, who will also continue to head the country's armed forces and who is allied with the leftist premier, Vasco Goncalves, a chief agent in the ouster of de Spinola. The four conservatives in the seven man junta that took over the government last April have been purged. The left, more impatient than de Spinola to cut loose Guinea and Mozambique from Lisbon faces continued political unrest, unemployment and the highest inflation rate (30 percent) in Europe. The de Spinola faction and its more radical critics both profess to be democratic and have promised free elections in a country ruled for half a century by dictatorship.*

**The Editors**

*Lisbon*

Portugal has not had a revolution, nor does it have a left-wing military dictatorship, as *Time* magazine reported this summer, but it has undergone a dramatic emotional change. Lisbon is a liberated city with all the confusions, fears and euphorias that one often finds after a war. The press and the government are largely manned by Communists, Socialists and the Centrist Popular Democratic party—the PPD, a group somewhat like Christian Democrats in Italy.

The first big political crisis came at the end of July in the confrontation between the MFA, the idealistic young majors and captains who staged the April 25th coup, and Gen. Spinola, the more authoritarian general they had chosen to be their figurehead as presi-

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dent of the republic. The MFA had no intention of allowing Spinola to create a de Gaullist type regime. From the beginning they chose to brake his power by making him part of a junta of seven generals and admirals. When, in late July, the Spinola group, together with some of the more conservative members of the PPD, tried to push for a quick election that would have given Spinola real power, the MFA managed to prevent it. MFA leaders themselves directly entered the provisional government, taking over seven ministerial posts. One of their own men, Col. Vasco Goncalves, was named premier. The ultra-right has discreetly disappeared from view. The conservative right is expected to start electioneering during the fall.

On a long taxi ride to the Palacio De Bel'em (the equivalent of our White House), and remembering the grim, isolating silence that once defined countries like Portugal and Spain, I was delighted by the political graffiti celebrating political freedom and the multitude of political parties. (At present there are 62, all referred to in acronyms. I was reminded of what George Orwell wrote in *Homage to Catalonia*, "that instead of war, he had walked into an alphabet.") Most signs publicize the three major parties (the PPD, Socialist and Communist), but some are scrawled by the small but rambunctious young activist MRPP Maoist group, the bane of the provisional government.

The Palacio De Bel'em, which looks like a combination army barracks and 19th-century Portuguese palace, is heavily guarded by the military. A harassed Communist, pushing for the legalization of divorce (an issue of paramount importance to Portuguese women), noticed that I was getting nowhere fast with the army guard. The ear of a woman journalist—and a foreigner!—was just what he wanted, and I soon found myself on the second floor of Bel'em. Using the well organized, rapid style of current Portuguese Communists, he managed to fill me in on the plight of the working-class woman, while at the same time cutting through red tape and getting me an appointment with the MFA. In the midst of our discussion of women's rights, a harried military aide tried to tell me that this was not the day for journalists to see the MFA—an emergency committee had been set up to speed the granting of freedom to Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique and Angola. The Communist persisted; the aide looked desperate. A young parachutist, wearing battle fatigues and the traditional beret, joined our odd conversation. He looked to be about 20. "I'm due to go to Mozambique," he said, grinning. "I've never been out of Portugal." Then he smiled again, "But maybe I won't be going."

By eight o'clock that night I had my appointment with a minister-without-portfolio, Maj. Victor Alves (one of the stars of the MFA) at the Palacio Sao-Bento (the seat of the provisional government in Lisbon).

Alves has the thoughtful, pensive manner of the sophisticate-intellectual he is reputed to be. "Africa made me," he said. "It wasn't the bad military conditions alone. If there had been an objective, if the wars had made sense, a military officer could have withstood the rest. After 11 years, we're worse than when we started." He paused, searching for the right words in English: "Africa humanized us, we made personal contacts. We became . . . in touch with the people. I kept asking myself, what am I doing in Africa? My comrades and myself, we were doing the opposite of helping. We were wrong, wrong, wrong. It wasn't only Africa it was also Portugal. One can't live in a country where you cannot speak, cannot read books you want, where only a tiny group has the right to life and for the rest it is misery." He paused again: "The government used the army as a symbol of power. The population directly accused the army. We were hated. And, in part, we were guilty. You simply do not feel good in a country where you are always going against the people." Again he hesitated. "We have the tragic inheritance of our fathers, our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers. In 400 years Portugal could have done more. The Portuguese want to be part of the world, to integrate." He shook his head: "It doesn't feel good to always be against life."

Surprised when I asked if the MFA had been "radicalized" by the influx of noncareer military university students into the army, he answered, "You think I am a radical?" Clearly Alves thought of himself as a military man, and that the coup had come from the professional military and their attitudes toward the war.

"How many officers were involved?" I asked.

"Do you think I'm going to answer that?" "No," I responded. He laughed, "Well a lot."

"Why did you choose a junta of seven generals and admirals in addition to General Spinola?" I asked. "The main reason was to have all branches of the armed services represented," he replied. Then, evading any direct discussion of possible differences between the more authoritarian generals and the younger, more progressive MFA, he smiled obliquely. "And don't you think seven is a nicer number than one?" To my question, "Do you feel that the overwhelming popular support for the coup pushed the MFA into taking a more left-wing position than it had originally intended?" he answered: "Not really. In the last month we wrote 50 different scenarios of what we thought would happen, including the popular reaction. But the scenario we picked as most likely, was the scenario that took place." In the early hours of the morning of April 25, a disc jockey, collaborating with the MFA, gave the signal for the coup when he played a Portuguese popular song, banned by the regime. The song meant "go."

Alves seemed preoccupied with the position of the intellectuals and writers. "The best of Portuguese writers and intellectuals went into exile. My generation was split in two. Those who went abroad suf-

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fered by developing abstract notions of Portugal. Those who remained at home were corroded by the effects of self-censorship in an authoritarian society. The Portuguese are going to have to learn to use their freedom, how to talk and how to think." He paused. "For an older generation it is too late. I think only a younger generation of writers will be able to really use their freedom."

"How do you feel about the military entering the civil government?"

"Not good. It would have been better if the military had been able to stay out."

"Suppose a right-wing element gains force in the elections? Will the MFA still step aside and hand over the reins of government to civilians?" Alves seemed confident that the MFA would.

Like Alves, minister-without-portfolio Alvaro Cunhal (head of the Communist party) also felt that the entry of the MFA into the government was unfortunate. The aristocratic, 60-year-old Cunhal is admired both for his heroism and his intellectual distinction by many Portuguese who have no intention of voting Communist. What impressed me about him was his intense realism. As with Alves, I found myself in a two-way conversation rather than a standard interview. Both men stress the negative situation they inherited and the grave economic problems of Portugal. The key Cunhal phrase was, "Yes, but how?" The apparatus for a civil election ("Yes, but how?") stuck Cunhal as no simple thing to devise.

Cunhal flatly denied the *Le Monde* report that he had received Santiago Carrillo (the Paris-based Spanish Communist party head) in Lisbon. Whether or not Cunhal saw his friend is less significant than the fact that the pro-Russian, conservative Portuguese Communists recognize the renegade anti-Russian Santiago Carrillo group as the official Communist party in Spain. According to informed Spanish Communists, Cunhal did receive Santiago Alvarez (member of the Spanish Communist Executive Committee and head of the Galician Communist party). Cunhal indicated to me that Spain's political structure was far more complicated than Portugal's and he envisions nothing so simple for Spain as a Portuguese-style coup.

Relations between the two countries are delicate. Although Mario Soares (both foreign minister and head of the Portuguese Socialist party) in an interview with a Barcelona newspaper, struck a balance between official neutrality and friendship to the Spanish opposition, the official line is one of diplomatic neutrality. The 1939 Spanish-Portuguese Neutrality Pact allowed both countries the right to invade in case of subversion within either country. The Portuguese thought enough of that pact to quietly dispatch Portuguese emissaries to Madrid to gain official Spanish assurance of non-intervention in the Portuguese coup.

Cunhal is cautious in his statements about the United States. He wants American business interests to invest in Portugal. Since the United States hasn't fiddled in Portugal's affairs, it is not the burning issue that it is in Spain and Greece.

When Cunhal speaks about what to do with the thousands of Portuguese secret police in prison, his voice fills with emotion. "We haven't laid a hand on them—which was not the way they treated us." You don't ask a man of Cunhal's intensity and long prison history what jail was like, so I said nothing.

Compared to other political parties, the Communists are well organized and have a mass working-class base. In an election they could poll between 20 and 30 percent of the votes, and the figure is higher if Portuguese workers and soldiers living abroad are granted the right to vote. Though stronger than other parties, they are too weak to take over. A military dictatorship, even left-wing, does not serve their interests. The Communists are anti-revolutionary, and in many ways resemble Social Democrats. They want to become the uncontestable party of the workers and to have a safe piece of the civil government. Anything else would not be in line with current Communist strategy. In the long run both the Spanish and Portuguese Communists will follow the thinking of Enrico Berlinguer, the Italian Communist party chief, and will opt for a United States of Europe.

The Communists were deliberately brought into the new government in order to break strikes and to control excessive worker demands and have done it reasonably well thus far. They might form a popular front with the less well organized Socialist party. (During the 1940s Cunhal was the geography tutor and political mentor of the Socialist Soares. The two men are close.)

Many members of the Portuguese professional class—architects, lawyers and intellectuals—find the Communists too doctrinaire and the Socialists too stuffy and are attracted to new movements such as MES—a left-wing Socialist group—which has a position of orderly, intellectual "dissent." They are busy countering the Communists with their own campaign to radicalize the workers.

In August, censorship exploded as an issue. Daily newspapers were fined and suspended for reporting anti-government demonstrations, but after mass protest by the entire press, the government backed down and after some ominous warnings appeared to revoke the censorship order. However two members of MES in the army have been imprisoned for refusing to carry out military orders to move in on striking postal workers. José Luis Saldanha, editor of the extreme left newspaper *Luta Popular*, has been in prison since May.

The right may gain momentum this winter, given rising unemployment, inflation and strikes. But the MFA, the Socialists and Communists have real popular support, and the provisional government and the MFA have stuck to their original schedule for decolonization in Africa.

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## Asking Questions and Demanding Answers

# Congress and Tactical Nukes

## by Walter Pincus

Thanks in large part to congressional pressures, the administration at last may be moving to do something about long-standing problems associated with the presence of thousands of US tactical nuclear weapons in NATO countries, including Greece and Turkey, and in the Far East, particularly Korea. For almost 20 years the highest security classifications kept the facts on overseas nuclear deployments from key members of Congress and the public. The same concern for security sharply limited the number of persons within the Executive who were familiar with these weapons and their placement.

Unknown on Capitol Hill and throughout most of the executive branch, for example, was the Quick Reaction Alert (QRA) program. Hundreds of NATO pilots, including Greeks and Turks, stand 24-hour alerts alongside fighter-bombers, each poised at the end of a runway prepared for a 15-minute take-off, each loaded with a US nuclear weapon that, when armed, could deliver explosive power 10 times that of the bomb that leveled Hiroshima. Only a US custodial unit, normally a handful of men with police dogs on an airbase, plus a complicated protective arming device, stand in the way of an unauthorized use of the weapons. As part of the QRA program, air force planes are on alert in the Far East and navy planes stand ready, nuclear loaded on almost every carrier.

Congressmen also have known little about the storing of nuclear artillery shells within 20 miles of Communist borders, be they East German borders in Europe or North Korean borders in Asia. Congressmen have likewise not known that atomic demolition mines, useless if not prepositioned before an invasion took place, were stored well behind the West German frontiers, because German leaders wouldn't let the holes in which they were to be placed be dug.

Five years ago, Sen. Stuart Symington became interested in tactical nuclear weapons. For more than a year the Nixon administration had refused to allow spokesmen to testify before the senators about QRA and other nuclear deployments disclosed in a foreign relations subcommittee staff study. I know this first hand because I directed that Symington staff inquiry. When the State Department in the spring of 1970 finally was forced to give the full Senate Foreign Relations Committee a briefing on US nuclear weapons abroad, the presentation was superficial. Symington at that time was told by administration officials that only the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, which had never shown any interest, could go into the subject in depth.

In its final 1970 report the Symington subcommittee called the secrecy invoked by the administration absurd, suggested the placement of the weapons abroad in the 1950s had come at a time of nuclear inequality between the super powers and that in the future, "the situation promises to be far different. . . ." The report recommended further inquiries be made by Congress to determine where warheads overseas could be withdrawn as a result of technological advancement and "where political dangers could well make it desirable that the weapons be removed."

In 1971 Symington became a member of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee and two years later took over as chairman of its subcommittee on military applications. He has since held hearings and pressed for declassification of testimony. We now have more information that can be discussed publicly and it has begun to have an effect on other committees. They are getting more curious and more demanding.

One thing legislators rather quickly understood was the security dangers posed by warheads abroad. Within the military services over the past 20 years, tactical nukes had become accepted as if they were just another bomb, shell or mine. As one witness told the Joint Atomic Energy Committee: "To leave them in there year in and year out creates a general lassitude and laxity. . . ." The senators, however, were reading the newspaper accounts of unnerving attacks by Arab and other terrorist organizations. In 1973 Symington, along with Sens. Pastore and Baker toured European installations, and on their return confirmed a "basic vulnerability to terrorist attack" of nuclear storage sites that had first been reported by a joint committee staffer in 1972.

Earlier this year Rep. Clarence Long of Maryland, a 10-year veteran of the House Appropriations Committee, got interested in the nuclear weapons security problem and put a member of his own staff to studying it. Last month Long announced the results of that inquiry. "In one small country I have looked into," Long wrote, "the US deploys nearly 700 nuclear weapons. At one airbase in this same country, we keep 82 nuclear weapons. How all of these could be used in an emergency is difficult to understand." Long also called attention to an overseas airbase where practice alerts must be held with extra security guards around

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the aircraft, so as "to prevent any possible sabotage." The reason?—"less than 250 feet from the facility is a host nation slum which has harbored dissidents for years; we can only hope that someone will not launch a grenade at an aircraft armed with nuclear weapons." Long recommended that up to $90 million more be allocated to precautionary security measures. Further he convinced committee chairman George Mahon that a full-scale investigation into tactical weapons should be undertaken. Long said that before any funds be approved for QRA sites, "the committee should be presented with a convincing case for a continuation of such deployment."

The Long study was not, as I have noted, the first congressional look at tactical weapons and the problems they pose. In November 1972 a Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff report discussed in guarded terms the presence in Korea of Sergeant and Honest John Missiles "designed primarily to deliver tactical nuclear explosives." That report led to a House Appropriations Committee inquiry into the US military presence in Korea. The committee investigator made his report in January 1974 on the US nuclear stockpile in Korea. The Appropriations Committee in its report on the Defense appropriation bill this past August recommended that the US army unit whose function was to provide nuclear warheads for use by the Korean army be withdrawn from Korea by December 31, 1974—a recommendation the army is expected to follow.

Symington has been trying to get some recognition of the political, as well as military, dangers of keeping nuclear weapons in volatile countries such as Greece, Turkey and Korea. During the recent outbreak of fighting on Cyprus between the two NATO allies, he led closed-door questioning of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger on the problem. QRA aircraft in Greece and Turkey at the time hostilities broke out were stripped of their nuclear bombs, the senators were told, and the weapons locked up under US control. But as a September 10, 1974 hearing before his Joint Atomic Energy subcommittee showed, Symington was not satisfied with that response. The witness before the subcommittee was retired Navy Adm. Gene R. LaRocque, now director of the Center for Defense Information. When Symington asked about the situation in Korea, LaRocque replied: "It is just a matter of time before we have a major disagreement with the South Koreans . . . If we can pull out gracefully with our nuclear weapons and our men we will get out with a whole skin. But if we wait until they throw us out, they may also decide to keep those nuclear weapons and use them as a 'bargaining chip,' if you will, for whatever they want to obtain from the US."

LaRocque suggested a slightly different but still disturbing scenario for Greece. What if the Greeks, he wondered, "tell us we cannot take our planes off the ground, we cannot let our ships leave?" "We won't be able to get [the nuclear warheads] out of a foreign country even if the government did nothing physically to restrain us. We might have to fight our way in to get back our nuclear weapons."

Administration officials have been moving slowly to change our tactical nuclear policy. In the wake of the first Symington subcommittee findings of 1970, some tactical weapons in Korea were moved back from their storage sites close to the DMZ. But the bigger step, removing them from Korea or any country and bringing them back to the United States, has up to now been hardly contemplated. Why? Because they are there, and military and diplomatic pressures to maintain the status quo are very strong.

In 1967, for instance, there was talk within the Secretary of Defense's office of cutting back on the number of nuclear warheads in the Far East, including Korea, by 10 percent. The joint chiefs were against it and threatened to go to President Johnson to prevent it. Before Defense officials could prepare their arguments for the White House, an assassination attempt was made on Korean President Park and the whole matter was dropped.

Administration review of tactical weapons got a new lift in 1973 with the arrival of James Schlesinger at Defense and Fred Ikle at the Arms Control Agency. Both men, though hardliners on strategic weapons, have been concerned with the vulnerability of tactical weapons in Europe. The new era of East-West negotiations, a desire to remove potential causes of crises and to curb the hunger of new countries for weapons combined to support changes in deployments. At a Symington subcommittee hearing early this year Schlesinger confirmed that the QRA program was under review. Other moves to cut back the 7000-warhead European stockpile are being stimulated by the demand we take the weapons out of Greece and Turkey.

The nuclear weapons establishment is multi-headed however, and while policymakers talk of cutbacks in deployments, the scientists and the military services continue to press for new and better warheads for use in nuclear wars. Military research and development is underway on a nuclear warhead for the television-directed glide bombs that were so successful in the Vietnam war. We are also going forward with a nuclear cruise missile, a new atomic demolition mine and torpedo, plus improvements for the existing Pershing missile and air-to-air weapons. The Atomic Energy Commission is moving ahead with a new eight-inch nuclear artillery shell, the type that causes diplomatic and military headaches: it must be positioned close to an enemy border so that it doesn't land on the soil of the allied nation.

Congress isn't yet clear which way it wants to go, but in this area of tactical nuclear deployment it has at least shown that by persistent questioning, it can have an effect on the policymaking bureaucracy.

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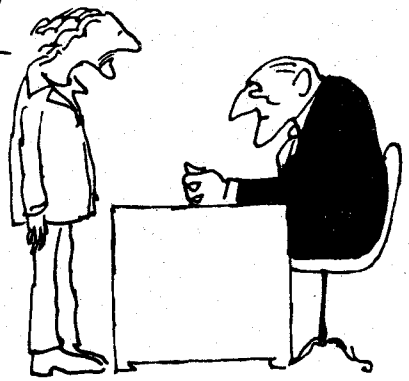
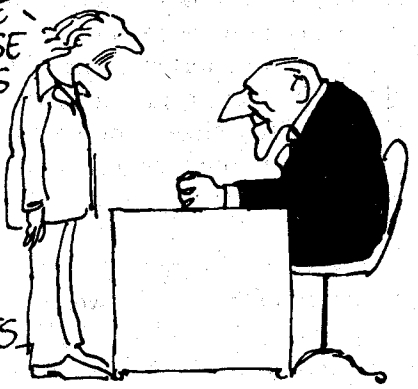
JULES FEIFFER

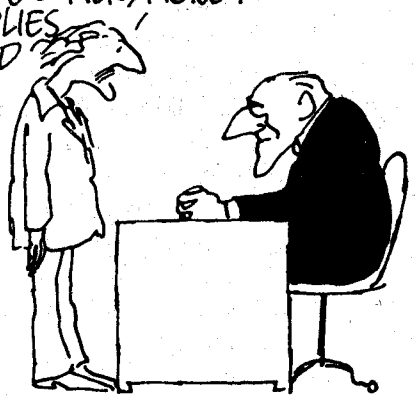
I WANT TO PLEAD GUILTY TO DRAFT - RESISTANCE IN A WAR THAT WAS WRONG, IMMORAL AND CRIMINAL -



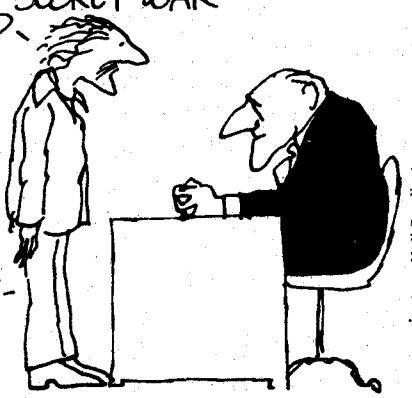
IN WHICH THE PENTAGON USED THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE AS A TESTING GROUND FOR NEW WEAPONS AND DEADLY DEFOLIANTS.



IN WHICH U.S. MEN, MONEY AND SUPPLIES WERE USED TO KEEP IN POWER AN UN-POPULAR AND CORRUPT GOVERN-MENT-

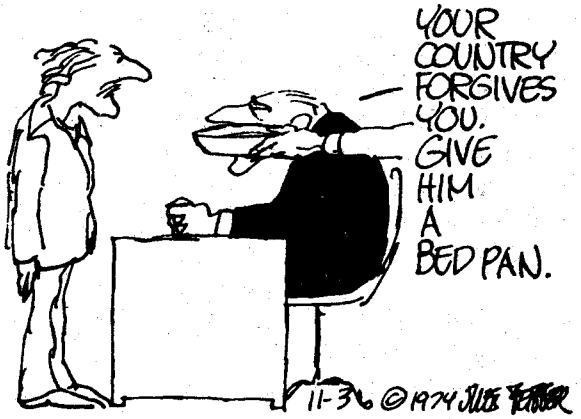


IN WHICH A SECRET WAR WAS WAGED AGAINST CAMBODIA WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OR AUTHOR-IZATION OF THE AMERI-CAN PEOPLE-



Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

IN WHICH THE CREDIBILITY OF THE U.S. WAS DES-TROYED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## Scenes from a Marriage

(Cinema V)

Ingmar Bergman's very acuteness is what makes the trouble in his new work. He is intensely aware of form. His films—increasingly through his career—show a sense of the peripheries of the medium, its bondages and masteries of time, even his awareness of how the audience will be watching. His theater productions, from what I've read and heard (I've never seen any), have an equal but different sensitivity to that medium. It was inevitable that when Bergman worked in television, everything about that form, too, would affect the way he wrote and directed.

*Scenes from a Marriage*, as presented in the US, is a two-hour-and-48-minute film version of a series that he made for Swedish television in six 50-minute segments. No work conceived by a fine artist in six 50-minute parts, separated by intermissions of a week each, could function properly in condensed, continuous form. Bergman made this US version himself, but that doesn't alter my objection: many an artist has made lesser subsequent versions of his own work for various reasons. Apparently, this was the only way and form in which *Scenes* could be shown here and, without doubt, it's better to see this curious version than none. But in a rational world, the Swedish TV series should have been shown on public television—specially subtitled for television as some foreign films have been. Then we would be getting what Bergman made in a specific time-serial-locale concept. I, like many others, greatly enjoyed the *Upstairs, Downstairs* series over 13 weeks, lounging at home. But I don't know how much I'd have cared for a three-hour condensed version at the Bijou.

*Scenes* has been criticized for its excessive use of TV close-ups. Close-ups aren't the trouble: one of the best films in the repertory, Dreyer's *Joan*, was made predominantly in close-ups. It's been criticized for its confined action and minimal settings à la TV. That's not the trouble, either: another great film, Bresson's *A Man Escaped*, is more confined. And the trouble is not the length itself: *The Sorrow and the Pity* ran a fast four and a half hours. (Although the idea of a Bergman film running 168 minutes is somehow funny; his longest previous film, *The Touch*, ran 113 minutes.) The trouble is that there is no consonance between the way the material was conceived and the way it's being presented. It's as if a long song cycle of duets had been condensed to serve as an opera. It wobbles and drags a bit.

And Sven Nykvist's 16 mm TV photography has been blown up to 35 mm. Inevitably, as shown here, this is Nykvist's least impressive work.

But—and I hope this antithesis was foreseen—*Scenes* is enormously worth seeing. Bergman when jostled, even self-jostled, is still extraordinary, especially when he is working close to the center of his Strindbergian inheritance, as he is here. He starts with a couple being interviewed, a good if familiar device for giving us necessary data. The husband, Erland Josephson, is a professor at a "psychotechnical institute." The wife, Liv Ullmann, is a lawyer specializing in divorce. They have two teenage daughters, barely glimpsed. The succeeding scenes cover the sexual-psychical peregrinations of the next 10 years or so. They divorce. Each remarries. Nevertheless in the last scene they go away for a weekend together, still operating on a base of love that persists although it was not strong enough to keep their lives joined. This last scene, my favorite, is entitled "In the Middle of the Night in a Dark House." (Each of the scenes has a title.) It's a poignant small statement of bewilderment and fellowship, of a bond between two people that is a safeguard against their acknowledgment of mortality, a love that has nothing to do with convention or other loves.

The entire text of the original TV series, translated by Alan Blair, is just published by Pantheon and should be read—after seeing the film version, I think. The book does two things: it enriches the characters and the social environment; and it emphasizes something we all ought to have realized more strongly before this: in addition to everything else, Bergman is a writer.

He is also a colleague. He knows whom he is writing *for*, out of his long experience with these actors, what they can supply. From the moment that the interview begins, you get a unique familiarity from Josephson and Ullmann, familiarity with their roles, with each other, with their director-author. Look at the way Ullmann slips in little unheard comments to Josephson, next to her on the love seat, as he answers the interviewer's questions. Look at the way Josephson sits with his pipe while she answers. This is what Stanislavsky meant—the sense that we are entering an already existent cosmos, made both by life and by art.

There are only four other actors in the film, all of them fine. Jan Malmsjo and Bibi Andersson have an episode as married friends of the main pair who are stewing in acid (reminiscent of the bitter transient couple in *Wild Strawberries*). Gunnel Lindblom, as an associate of Josephson's, has one good quizzical scene. (In the original she also has a later scene in which we learn she had an affair with him.) Barbara Hiort AF Ornas is a middle-aged client of Ullmann's seeking a divorce—another exceptionally well-written scene.

Josephson, who is famous in the Swedish theater and has been seen in several Bergman films including *The Passion of Anna*, works in a prosy, almost vernacular style. He never seems to prepare or build; the role seems to happen to him. His face is not handsome or impressive, but it serves the *homme moyen* purposes to which he puts it. His general tonal aim, paradoxical as this sounds for

*(continued on page 33)*

### Films Worth Seeing

*Amarcord.* The best Fellini since *8 1/2*. A beautiful album of characters including (presumably) his own, in his native town 40 years ago.

*Chinatown.* Roman Polanski sees a Hollywood '30s private eye with a mod eye. More flavor than mystery, but pretty well done.

*Harry and Tonto.* Adventures of a 72-year-old New Yorker seeing the US. Not often too sentimental (though he does have his cat with him), mostly moving and funny.

*The Saphead.* Buster Keaton. Made 1920, not seen since 1928. Demand that your local theater book it, along with two accompanying shorts, *Convict 13* and *The Bellboy*.

SK

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# The Sum of '48

## Allen Verbatim
## by Allen Ginsberg
## edited by Gordon Ball

(McGraw-Hill; $6.95)

Allen Ginsberg's voice is here transcribed from tapes, ad lib lectures and conversations on issues that are fast receding with the '60s. These issues raised the poet from the relative obscurity of a minor literary movement into national and even international prominence, made him a leader in another kind of movement, political in cast but largely an expression of mass consciousness. If rock was a kind of religion, then Ginsberg was its pope, a quizzical Peter peering out from behind glasses and beard under the absurd canonical miter of a star-spangled, red-white-and-blue-striped top hat, part saint, part seer and part (like the hat) put-on.

The speed with which that moment is receding is shown in Ginsberg's ritualistic praise of Timothy Leary in this book. The poet has more recently gone on record denouncing Leary for a liar, the former martyr—"persecuted for his philosophy and his professional practice"—having declared himself willing to inform on his former associates in return for early parole. But cruel ironies like the souring of Leary are not needed to demonstrate Ginsberg's dilemma. In an epilogue to this collection of his attempts during a lecture tour in 1971 to raise the consciousness of America to the dangers of monolithic capitalism, despoilation of nature, institutionally enforced conformity, the Vietnam war, the complicity of police in the drug trade at home and the CIA in poppy fields abroad, the poet assails his own addiction to bodily comforts, bemoans his apparent inability to inspire action concerning the drug problem, and broods over the death of Jack Kerouac. He comes at last to a terminal sigh: "And I keep thinking I'm too comfortable in this chamber of horrors, so my own future I think will probably be more meditative and ascetic." The issues remain relevant, but "everybody's so inured to rape and catastrophe it's like a fatigue: nobody can take it in any more, nobody cares." The despairing prophet retires to Patmos, perhaps to reform the world through the force of his own silent witness, at least to save himself, to crawl above the "great wave of horror."

At that time early in 1973, Watergate (no mention of which is found here), the final expression of the Age of Aquarius, the bursting of a gigantic waterbed of false optimism and ease, had not happened. Nor had Allen Ginsberg as yet received the National Book Award. His receiving it was proof that an age

Raphael Soyer

had ended, buried with Kerouac, not merely the ballyhoo of Aquarius but a larger epoch, a quarter-century of creative explosion that began with the Beats and declined with the death of two of its great poetic resonators, Charles Olson and Ezra Pound. Two of the most interesting conversations included here, to my way of thinking, are between Ginsberg and Robert Duncan, representing the New York and California brackets of the Beat movement, in which the poets rehearse the circumstances that brought a number of individuals of different backgrounds together as a group.

Their conversations move as inexorably toward accumulative accord as did the diatoms of people and events that became the Beat movement. Having paid tribute to Pound, W. C. Williams and Olson, Blake and Whitman, having kicked T. S. Eliot in his pinstriped pants ("deficient on a formal level; that's why he talks about form"), having heaped praise on their contemporaries, Corso, Creeley, *et al*, Ginsberg and Duncan come at last to that moment when the Beat "community . . . came to total clear consciousness with accompanying explosions of mystical visions and epiphanies around 1948, I'd say" (this is Ginsberg speaking), "I'd put 1948 as the date of this emergence into a flash, because '48 was when I had my Blake epiphany experiences:"

*RD: '48, my "Venice Poem."*
*AG: '48 Robert's "Venice Poem." '48 also the Berkeley Renaissance community, which would be Jack Spicer, and oddly enough, you know, Timothy Leary was there.*
*RD: '48 was the time for Charles Olson's* Call Me Ishmael.
*AG: Yeah. In 1948 Gary Snyder in Portland finished his Amer-indian anthropology unified field theory honors thesis to graduate, and that morning when he wrote the last words saying sumpin' about consciousness, about primitive consciousness, and then went down to the Willamette River and sat down in dawn silence, kind of exhausted, musing over the silence of nature, just as the sun rose, he heard a rushing of many wings, and thousands of birds rose up from the trees, and he looked around and his head turned inside out, and he suddenly realized "everything is alive"—the entire universe is alive. Every sentient being is alive, like myself. So that was '48, also. Do you know about that?*
*RD: No, I didn't know that.*

Duncan was also a year off on *Call Me Ishmael*, but 1948 remains a great time for the wilder aspects of American modern letters, and the date sounds like a refrain throughout Ginsberg's discussions of his own personal and poetic development. So these conversations, which end in 1973, provide a punctuation mark of sorts to a quarter-century that began with the Beats, who conceived Hip, which begat Hippies who spawned a legion of foster children in faded blue jeans and light brown hair floating on the breeze. This book is therefore a sum, not necessarily a final figure but a tallying of the score to date, and it must be said that the figures are discouraging, that poetry like the economy is faced with hard times. Ginsberg in the epilogue regards himself as a star-crossed Whitman, and in mourning for Jack Kerouac he grieves for himself: "In a nation which is so messed up, what is he going to be—a happy singer? Happy healthy singer of a dying, deca-

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dent destructive world? Happy joker?" Exit Ginsberg as he entered the public view, on an apocalyptic note, schlepping toward Armageddon, not now with a *Howl* but a groan.

This collection of lectures and conversations is a pocket epitome of the Beat genesis, for it too begins in hope, in 1971, and ends two years later in sadness and a sense of defeat. It begins by sortieing out into Young America, Ginsberg launching a private campaign against institutional corruption, and ends by a threatened withdrawal into a sanctuary of silence. Toward the end of the book Gordon Ball includes an interview not given until 1972, an impromptu and touching tribute to Ezra Pound, inspired by the announcement of the poet's death. "He was like Prospero," said Ginsberg, "wise, and a great teacher—and a great guru, and a great silent man at the end." By his own admission Ginsberg is one of the "younger poets" who "learned from him . . . derived from him," and though he himself is certainly, as maker or mentor, no Pound, no Prospero, Allen has attained a certain mythic stature: a Yorick, perhaps, a loving-wise jester jingling his finger-cymbals or wagging his head in smiling accompaniment to his harmonium as he plays his music set to the poems of Blake. And Yorick too has his wisdom of silence, expressed through Hamlet, a muteness of mortality toward which Ginsberg points in his own last soliloquy. A Pied Piper, he has led the kids on a merry dance through the '60s and as he opens the door into his mountain, I wonder how many will follow him inside. Somehow the silence that follows the dying fall of *Hair* seems to me like the proper sound for the '70s. It is not, as many have observed, the same thing as the silence of the '50s, when it all began, not the silence of dull acquiescence but of resignation, of presidents and poets alike.

Ginsberg, by his own account, began as a poet of love, working out in derivative verse his unrequited passion for Neal Cassady, who was for the Beats what Maude Gonne was for the Irish renaissance. But Ginsberg was at the same time—in that *annus mirabilis*, 1948—in love with Jack Kerouac, an "engagement" that began "with a long conversation in which I described leaving a room that I'd lived in for half a year (where I'd originally fallen in love with him and some other friends, simultaneously), and when I left the room to move to a hotel, turning around as I left the seventh floor and went down the steps, and looking back at my door and looking back at the hall and saying, 'Good-bye door, good-bye hall, good-bye step number one, good-bye step number two, good-bye step number three,' down seven flights. And so I told him that story, and he said 'Oh, that's what I do!' So I suddenly realized that my own soul and his were akin. . . ." This recollection provides the incantatory refrain for the last piece in Ball's collection, "What Would You Do If You Lost It?," a poem that Ginsberg wrote last year while confined by a broken leg, meditating on how he was "still getting and spending in a world too much with me." In it he bids hypothetical farewell to all his "own treasures," to

> *old souls worshipped flower-eye or imaginary auditory panoramic skull—*
> *good-bye old socks washed over & over, blue boxer shorts, subzero longies. . . ,*
> *good-bye to my room full of books, all wisdoms I never studied, all the Campion, Creeley, Anacreon, Blake I never read through. . . .*
> *Attic full of toys, desk full of old checks, files on N.Y. police & CIA peddling Heroin,*
> *Files on Leary, files on Police State, files on ecosystems all faded & brown,*
> *notebooks untranscribed, hundreds of little poems & prose my own hand,*
> *good-bye poetry books, I don't have to take you along any more. . . .*

The cadence is Walt's, but the catalogue is undeniably Allen's, luggage he has acquired in his minstrelsy following that magical year when he heard Blake's voice and went tripping down the stairs empty-handed and lighthearted, bidding farewell to that momentary room, skipping into the soul of Jack Kerouac and from there taking flight across America. "Bom Bom!" he ends the poem, "Harekrishna faretheewell forever more! / None left standing! No tears left for eyes, no eyes for weeping, no mouth for singing, no song for the hearer, no more words for any mind." Alas, poor Yorick! We'll miss thy panoramic skull, sub-zero longies, boxer shorts and all.

**John Seelye**

JOHN SEELYE *is professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and author, most recently of* Dirty Tricks *(Liveright).*

# Black Memory

## All God's Dangers: The Story of Nate Shaw by Theodore Rosengarten

(Knopf; $10)

> *My grandmother and other people that I knowed grew up in slavery time, they wasn't satisfied with their freedom. They felt like motherless children—they wasn't satisfied but they had to live under the impression that they were. Had to act in a way just as though everything was all right. But they would open up every once in a while and talk about slavery time—they didn't know nothin about no freedom then, didn't know what it was but they wanted it. And when they got it they knew that what they got wasn't what they wanted, it wasn't freedom, really. Had to do whatever the white man directed them to do, couldn't voice their heart's desire. That was the way of life that I was born and raised into.*

In the lowlands of Alabama the old black tenant farmer is telling the story of his life to the young northerner. The piney woods lend saga atmosphere; and when it rains the percussive sounds on the tin roof of the tool shed lend suspense. Nate Shaw, 85, weaving baskets as he reflects, is a natural-born storyteller. Theodore Rosengarten is held fast. The reader is astonished. When, finally, this big book is put down, one feels exhilarated. As with all great storytellers, Shaw's is a singing tone. This is an anthem of human endurance.

Rosengarten, the young man, had come with 100 pages of questions. On hearing the old man, he came to his senses and threw away the silly stuff. Rosengarten says: "I learned how to listen and not resist his method of withholding facts for the sake of suspense. Everything came out in time, everything." What came out on the reels of tape, hours and hours of them, is the story of "much of a man." And yet, more. As with the best of country preachers and blues singers sounding out theme and variations, it is the story of a race, of a society.

Shaw, who died in 1973, just as this oral autobiography was being edited. could neither read nor write. Thus there

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is nothing intellectual, nothing abstract here. Names, places, events, feelings . . . all is concrete, down to the last grace note. What would ordinarily seem burdensome detail is, in this instance, eloquent and revelatory.

*My mother. . . . she'd plow, she'd hoe; my daddy'd tell her, "Take that plow!" "Hoe!" And here's the way I seed her go many a day, and that was a every year's job for her. . . . She'd be out there with her dress rolled up nearly to her knees, just so she could have a clear stroke walkin. She'd be in the field workin like a man, my daddy out in the woods somewhere huntin. She was just a over-all leader for her two brothers. My mother had to boss-instruct, she had to be a teacher to them boys, weren't nobody else to teach em but her. . . . And when they got old enough to stand up and have man thoughts, they left.*

His father, who was 15 when the Civil War ended, had been long dead, but Nate Shaw, with gentle forbearance, remembered his brutishness. "If I had a twenty dollar bill this mornin for every time I seed my daddy beat up my mother and beat up my stepmother I wouldn't be settin here this mornin because I'd have up in the hundreds of dollars." Yet his father taught him the secrets of survival, the arts and crafts of making do as a sharecropper. Shaw understood why some men's rage turns inward, while others', such as his own, is transmuted into indignation at those who would put him down.

A plow hand at the age of nine, he became a highly respected cotton farmer, begrudgingly recognized by the white banker and absentee owners. He was a blacksmith, sawyer, carpenter and basket weaver. A recurring question possessed him as he and the other blacks were euchred and forever, it seemed, dispossessed by the predators:

*Now it's right for me to pay you for usin what's yours—your land, stock, plow-tools, fertilize. But how much should I pay? The answer ought to be closely seeked. How much is a man due to pay out? Half his crop? A third part of his crop? And how much is he due to keep for hisself? You got a right to your part—rent; and I got a right to mine. But who's the man ought to decide how much? The one that owns the property or the one that works it?*

When strangers, black and white, came to organize for the Sharecropper's Union, he was among the first to join. He had been ready a long time. "I wasn't over ten or twelve years old until I begin to come into the knowledge of more different things wrong than I can really tell." It did no good for the small-town powerbrokers to warn him about the outside agitators: " . . . the people that was advertisin this union, they was tired of the rich man getting richer and the poor man gettin poorer. They seed it was a freeze-out."

Came the moment when deputies arrived to take away his neighbor's livestock, guns out. Nate Shaw blocked the way, was shot at and wounded. He shot back. Authority beat a retreat:

*I didn't think about gettin shot and I didn't think about not gettin shot. I thought this: a organization is a organization and if I don't mean nothin by joinin I ought to keep my ass out of it. But if I'm sworn to stand up for all the poor colored farmers—and poor white farmers if they'd take a notion to join—I've got to do it. Weren't no use under God's sun to treat colored people like we'd been treated here in the state of Alabama. Work hard and look how they do you.*

The International Labor Defense sent a lawyer to defend him at the trial. There was gallantry in a number of quarters. But it was 1932, Scottsboro time. A black man had shot a white and served 12 years on a prison farm. As a convict he showed the same gentle strength as he had as a free man. And soft laughter. The parole board offered him freedom if he'd leave the county and move to Birmingham, and if he'd tell them things about the union.

*O, I was a hard nut to crack; they couldn't do it. One white woman on the board tried. It tickled me in a way. She told me, "You one of them smart Negroes. Go ahead and make your maximum sentence." I tole her, "Yes'm, ma'am, that's what I'm goin to do anyhow, make my maximum sentence and be a clear man when I get out." Wooooo, she got hot, hot, hot. I'd tied her up, gone backwards on her, made game of her questions. . . .*

He had heard much talk about the union, but "I'm not a readin man" and wasn't up on all the secrets. He was told it "come from across the waters and they called it a 'soviet' union. . . . It was a thing I never did thoroughly under-


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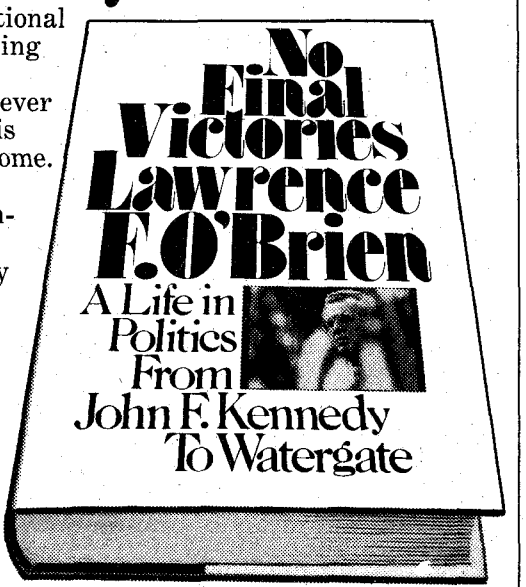


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stand, but I was man enough to favor its methods. My head and my heart had been well loaded about the condition and welfare of the poor—I couldn't stand no more. I jumped in that organization and my name rings in it today. I haven't apologized to my Savior for joinin—it was workin for right. A man had to do it." So much for Nate Shaw and the red scare.

At 59 he picked up where he had left off, after having been out of things during most of the Roosevelt era. His first wife, Hannah, and his son, Vernon, had carried on. But too much had happened. As Rosengarten says, Nate was a mule farmer in a tractor world. And yet, bearing up under the death of his beloved Hannah, outlasting all his persecutors, hearing old whites' whispered apologies and, *sotto voce*, damning "dishonestry," Nate Shaw prevails.

In this book of revelation the man's credo is, perhaps, most clearly offered in his reflections concerning another antagonist, the boll weevil:

> *I can't hate God's pesters definitely, because they doin what God put em here to do. The boll weevil, he's a smart bird, sure as you born. And he's here for a purpose. Who knows that purpose? And who is it human that can say for sure he knows his own purpose? He got all the wisdom and knowledge God give him and God even sufferin him to get a book learnin and like that—and what the boll weevil can do to me aint half so bad to what man might do. I can go to my field and shake a poison dust on my crop and the boll weevil will sail away. But how can I sling a man off my back?*

**Studs Terkel**

STUDS TERKEL's *most recent book is* Working: What People Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do *(Pantheon). His others in the oral tradition are:* Division Street: America *and* Hard Times.

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# Political Poet

## The Mother's Breast and The Father's House Poems by Reed Whittemore

(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95; $3.95 paper)

If, like Holden Caulfield, one's criterion for a good writer is that he be someone "you want to call up," Reed Whittemore qualifies. In his work, there is a highly attractive blend of wit, warmth and fury that could send a like-minded reader straight to the phone. In spite of the fact that it is for the most part a sad and occasionally horrifying vision of the contemporary scene, there is great satisfaction—a rare commodity—in reading Whittemore's work.

The new poems, and selected earlier poems, of this volume give a clear picture of what Whittemore intends to do and how he goes about it. He is, to begin with, one of those rare-as-the-whooping-crane poets who are sincerely, by temperament, conviction and ability, political poets. If he has narrowed his possible range—and he has—it seems to be because, moving as well and strongly as he does within this territory, he regards it as his proper field. Being a poet of intellect and self-questioning, he is acutely aware of the limits he has set. In "Jackson in Winter" he ironically forecasts his forthcoming book:

> *. . . making few affirmations, avoiding inversions,*
> *Using iambics distrustfully, favoring lines*
> *of odd lengths and irony.*

But the problem goes a lot deeper than that. There is a healthy terror of the era's most pompously and slickly exploited word: *love*. There is a beautiful dignity in the lines:

> *If there is love*
> *and I think there is*
> *It survives the saying only with difficulty*
> *It needs prayer rather*
> *I will not play with it*

The trouble is that the last line promises only the negative half of a good thing. In the slush of hypocrisy, self-righteousness and self-delusion in which all aspects of love often seem mired, it is perhaps the more important half. But the fact is that Whittemore is so repelled by the prospect, or even the possibility of the superficial, the maudlin, the fake, that he tightens up at the approach of any emotion other than that of fury, disdain or dismay, and takes refuge in irony, wit, advertizeese mocking itself.

There are few things more annoying in a critic than persistence in telling the poet what he should be doing instead of considering what he has done. But it is impossible to read Whittemore thoroughly, and to sense the emotional capability in his work, without regretting that he has decided that the cliffs above bathos and easy emotion are too slippery to climb, even in search of the rarest game. In doing so, he has settled for a tone of somber wit and music-hall bitterness, which makes his work tough, viable, rewarding, but more limited, and dryer in its sources, than it need be, given its intuition and force. It seems a shame.

This choice is increasingly in evidence in the new poems. And to stop considering what Whittemore might do if he chose, and consider what he has done in this collection, is to realize that these poems are more important now than they would have been two months ago, when their message would have been more facilely accepted; because their anger and disgust, their outrage about the state of the national soul, spring from causes deeper than one man, more difficult of solution than a dozen political scandals.

For 40 years there have been American poetic voices crying "Usura!" "Moloch!" But Whittemore is more fiercely rational, and his poems are very frightening indeed. No Utopian, he accepts the odds that

> *. . . our love is the kingdom of the 10% joy the 15% satisfaction the 20% love*
> *That exists and will continue to exist beyond all misery . . . .*

However what he cannot consider without rage is a ravening greed that he sees as tearing his land apart: the power of money, the money of power; money as a discrete cause.

> *It is robbery it is stealing it is theft*
> *It is taking away the earnings of labor*

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*And giving to those who do not labor . . .*

And he is equally tough on the prophets who "have prattled about revolution and pocketed the proceeds."

*They have built the hysteria of constant and drastic social change into each breakfast*
*They have taught our children how to stop war on Monday poverty on Tuesday racism on Wednesday sexism on Thursday and final exams on Friday . . .*

He is so perfectly accurate that one might forget how somber his conclusion is:

*We are on the edge*

*. . . Get wise*
*Get the crooks where they are see!*
*they are in*
*MONEY*

Though there are better poems here than the poems of denunciation ("Lines," the gentle, fey and terrifying "Abominable Snowman," the uncharacteristically tender "Mrs. Benedict"), the denunciation is articulate, intelligent and right on target. And if we tend to say, on reading

*For make no mistake the money game as now played smells*
*In the private sector*
*In the public sector*
*In the Congress and in the White House*
*In the state capitals the city halls*
*And smells beyond smelling where the cartoon capitalists*
*Hang out fat as ever taking their cut . . .*

"ah, yes, that was awful," as we bask—with good reason—in the candor of a smile and the good breeze of openness, we would do well to dig for those roots, postulated in these poems, that nourished the "money game." Whether because of its salutary warnings, or of its strong and straightforward poetry, it's a book to value, and to keep at hand.

**Josephine Jacobsen**

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN's *new book of poetry is* The Shade-Seller *(Doubleday). She has been Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress.*

# Recent, Notable Fiction

## Ending Up
## by Kingsley Amis

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.95)

In some of Kingsley Amis' novels—*Ending Up* is his 11th—the author's battle with his inner demon is far more dramatic than anything that goes on among the fictional characters. Indeed the true Amis fan—which I count myself—may become more fascinated with this artistic wrestling match than with the actual events of the novel. The suspense is sometimes terrific. Will Amis' blimpishness, as embodied in that gluttonous, overage schoolboy Roger Micheldene, Esq., devour and ruin *One Fat Englishman*? (Almost.) Will his sophomoric snobbishness kill *Girl, 20* stone dead? (It does.) Only in Amis' less "serious" novels—the excellent ghost story *The Green Man* and the sweetly nostalgic *The Riverside Villas Murder*—does he relax his ferocious misanthropy and let fresh air in.

From *Lucky Jim* onward, Amis' heroes, in their preoccupation with food, drink and rather nasty sex, resemble nobody more than England's notorious schoolboy, Billy Bunter. The curse of many English male writers—Amis' idol, Ian Fleming, is an example—is that their attempts to disguise their adolescent fixations merely result in a heavyhanded sophistication that is the indelible mark of the compulsively prankish, fantasy-ridden juvenile. The surprising and heartening thing about Amis' new novel is that somehow, despite himself, a grudging, qualified compassion tempers his basic sourness. *Ending Up* is about old age; it's cruel, upsetting and at times extremely funny.

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gether in Tupenny-hapenny Cottage, somewhere in a dreary part of the English countryside, to face old age together. Brigadier Bernard Bastable, the Amis alter-ego, is an ex-Army officer cashiered years ago for sleeping with his batman, Shorty, now his briskly alcoholic friend and servant. Ugly Adela, Bernard's spinster sister—who "had never been kissed with passion"—has been rescued from a loveless retirement by his offer to housekeep for him and Shorty. Her childhood schoolchum, the ex-1920s bit actress and contemporary snob, Marigold Pyke, has come with her awful dog Mr. Pastry, ostensibly to keep Adela company but actually to stave off her terror of becoming a lonely old vegetable. These four are ambulatory and in slightly better physical shape than Bernard's brother-in-law, George, an expatriate anti-Communist Czech professor bedridden upstairs with severe stroke. (Amis, who publicly shares this character's political views, has not shrunk from acidly depicting him as pompous and garrulous.) All are in their early-to-late 70s.

As one expects from Amis, his five oldsters are hardly paragons of venerable wisdom. None has the slightest desire to "come to terms" with old age or docilely to act out roles of dignified dotage that the young foist on them. Struggling against their fears of impending death—or worse, vegetation—they're frightened, selfish, egotistical and bad-mannered. A youth-oriented society—personified by Marigold's adman son Trevor and his glacially ambitious wife Tracy—largely ignores and patronizes them and seems to challenge their very right to continued life. So, almost to remind themselves they *are* alive, the inhabitants of the cottage find ingenious ways to torture one another. Bernard, just handed a medical death sentence by a Harley Street specialist, dreams up horrible practical jokes (including stink bombs) to play on Marigold, whom he detests. Marigold, terrified of advancing amnesia, drives everyone quite mad with her twee mannerisms. (Friends are "chummy-wummies," physicians "dockle-pockles." Shorty has developed exquisitely the soldier's art of disguising his hatred of officers—how his bitter class-consciousness sees the others—under a smooth display of affable servility.

Partly because they're so dependent on one another they're all consumed by various degrees of rage, frustration and envy. At best their level of mutual contact is frozen politeness. Toward the end the cottage erupts into virtually open warfare. It isn't a pretty sight. If Amis had left it at that I would have assumed he was merely up to his old trick of savaging types who he felt were being dangerously sentimentalized. (England's old-age pensioners have replaced the downtrodden worker as a symbol of social injustice.) But Amis is himself getting into middle age and may be more receptive to the idea of pity than he once was. The brief appearance of Trevor and Tracy and some distant relations with their obnoxious kids suggests that, on balance, Amis may prefer the elderly, even at their worst, to the young. Also the climax is both macabre—a chain-reaction of semi-accidental deaths set in motion by one of Bernard's "jokes"—and too curt, as if the author had to farcically kill them off before he was seen to be weeping too openly.

In a less adroit writer's hands this material would read pretty gloomily. I finished Amis' irascible short novel not very proud of being human and more than a little apprehensive about how I'll face up to my own old age. If *Ending Up* isn't the best Christmas present for your 65-year-old Aunt Cora, it is still a remarkably stoical, even brave little work. In Shorty, an outrageously comic character. Shorty is the classic enlisted man, and whatever degree of hell Tupenny-hapenny Cottage may be for the others it is "the squaddie's literal seventh heaven: he was dry, warm, indoors, off duty, smoking, pissed, and getting more pissed still. 'And no chance of getting collared for guard,'" he thinks. I'd like to see Peter Sellers have a go at Shorty's insanely infectious habit of mimicking music-hall accents. Amis has made this 'orrible little man very funny on the printed page.

There is, of course, a quite serious point in all this. Leaving aside any analogy Amis may intend between the old people's cottage and today's England, he has succeeded in exorcising—at least for one reader—some fears that old age holds for many of us. One can be elderly, semi-senile, crippled with piles and other painful physical indignities, self-deluding and humiliatingly unable to resolve in old age the problems of early life—and still be triumphantly human. It is our good fortune that Kingsley Amis, England's raging, perpetual schoolboy, doesn't go gentle into that good night.

**Clancy Sigal**

CLANCY SIGAL, *author of* Going Away, *lives in London where he is completing a new novel.*

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# The Abbess of Crewe: A Modern Morality Tale by Muriel Spark

(Viking; $5.95)

Muriel Spark quotes Yeats' lines (from *Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen*) as an epigraph to her "modern morality tale":

> *Come let us mock at the great*
> *That had such burdens on the mind*
> *And toiled so hard and late*
> *To leave some monument behind*
> *Nor thought of the levelling wind*

We know she will "mock at the great," and satirize their attempts to create monuments to themselves.

When we first meet the Abbess of Crewe, we notice her ritualistic, theatrical words. She asks about the "traditional keyhole method"; she proclaims the need for silence and meditation. She disregards her listener and apparently cares only about her own perceptions. There is a sense of mystery—of words held back. We soon discover the reason. The Abbess has bugged the poplars (and the abbey) in an attempt to control the environment and to confirm her greatness. She plays at divinity!

Spark does not delve into the motives that foster such play-acting—she is writing, after all, a stylized tale—but she regards the Abbess as "supremely" self-centered. When the Abbess proclaims her role as "leader," she talks of herself in the third person; she offers mythological readings of herself and history: "Here, in the Abbey of Crewe we have discarded history. We have entered the sphere, dear Sisters, of mythology. My nuns love it. Who doesn't yearn to be part of a myth at whatever the price in comfort?" But the mythology is created for her own selfish ends. It is used to defeat enemies, to make new friends, and to achieve instant transcendence.

The Abbess is so insistent upon her plot that she neglects the energetic "strategies" of reality. She is betrayed by bumbling associates who break into her opponent's room and stupidly leave their tracks. She has to lie more completely than before; she has to change her scenarios. Oddly the Abbess is so enclosed in her own deceptions—a favorite sin of Spark's characters!—that she does not even *mind*. She loves her "art-forms" which, she claims, need "not be plausible, only hypnotic, like all good art."

At the end of the tale the Abbess is called to Rome to explain the break-in, the bugging and the thefts—the "modern morality" she has displayed. She does not fear excommunication because she understands that she will probably get away with her dynamic art-forms. They are, after all, so suited to our image-loving mythologies that they do not seem very unusual. They are, ironically enough, in tune with modern sensibilities, and can easily be defended as "paradoxes."

"Paradox"! The word is used earlier in the novel to explain all the contradictory failings of the Abbess. She admits her deeds—when she has to!—as attempts to defend the Church. She claims that "electronic surveillance" can really allow the "watchfulness" needed in a religious community. Separating motives and ends, creating her own definitions, engaging in paradoxical double-talk—such methods enable the Abbess to support her world-view and, no doubt, to remain sublime—even in disgrace: "She sails indeed on the fine day of her desire into waters exceptionally smooth, and stands on the upper deck, straight as a white ship's funnel, marvelling how the wide sea billows from shore to shore like that cornfield of sublimity which never should be reaped nor was ever sown, orient and immortal wheat."

Spark does not tell us at any point that she borrows her plot from Watergate, but she offers so many of its elements that she need not belabor the fact. She recognizes, however, that the events in Washington are not unusual now, that interference with private lives exists in all contemporary institutions. This is not to imply that she condones such "universal art-forms." She is a Catholic writer; she recognizes, therefore, that pride directs our desire to control the destiny of others. She demands that we condemn *sins*, that we see mythologies as crude attempts at deification. She suggests that we accept limits, boundaries and reality principles—there are, after all, differences between excommunication and sublimity, narcissism and true faith!

Spark is such an intelligent, delicate writer that she establishes the special madness of the Abbess (and her "world") in subtle ways. The opening


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page suggests her keen craft:

> *The Abbess of Crewe, soaring in her slender height, a very Lombardy poplar herself, moving by Sister Winifrede's side, turns her pale eyes to the gravel walk where their four black shoes tread, tread and tread, two at a time, till they come to the end of this corridor of meditation lined by the secret police of poplars.*

The Abbess "soars" like the poplar—indeed she is a poplar—because she is proud of her "secret police." She walks ritualistically, using the "corridor of meditation" to get certain words recorded and others deleted. She manipulates her Sister Winifrede's strides.

The Abbess perverts Catholic ritual when she substitutes her own. She is beyond shock, but we are not, especially when we hear later a reader proclaiming this as text for the day: "In recording, the tape is drawn at constant speed through the air gap of an electromagnet energized by the audio-frequency current derived from a microphone." The transformation of tradition into electronic self-glorification outrages us.

Spark has thus taken the Watergate mythology and transformed it into art. She possesses those very qualities of irony and lucidity lacked by the Abbess (and other great leaders), and as a consequence she enables us to observe the *shape of fleeting history*.

**Irving Malin**

IRVING MALIN *teaches at CCNY. His earlier essay on Muriel Spark appeared in* The Vision Obscured, *ed. Melvin J. Friedman (Fordham University Press).*

# All of a Piece

## Alec Wilder and His Friends
## by Whitney Balliett

(Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)

Anyone who has ever done much interviewing knows the importance of attention. The quality of attention, too—ideally a kind of fellow-feeling, a mutuality, a basic understanding of another's circumstances—must be communicated by interviewers to their subject, usually less in what they say than in how they say it. A good interviewer has what the best of them, Studs Terkel, was once told he had: "the feeling tone."

Whitney Balliett knows all this. His interviews of musical personalities that have been appearing for the last 20 years or so in *The New Yorker* are the best of their kind. Instead of the direct transcription of any and everything that comes over the open tape recorder microphone, he gives us a pertinently selective, well shaped, perfectly realized *piece*. Never, I think, does the slang in the writing trade for a magazine article seem quite so appropriate as with a writer like Balliett. His *are* pieces, an economy and an attention to form that begs comparison to musical composition.

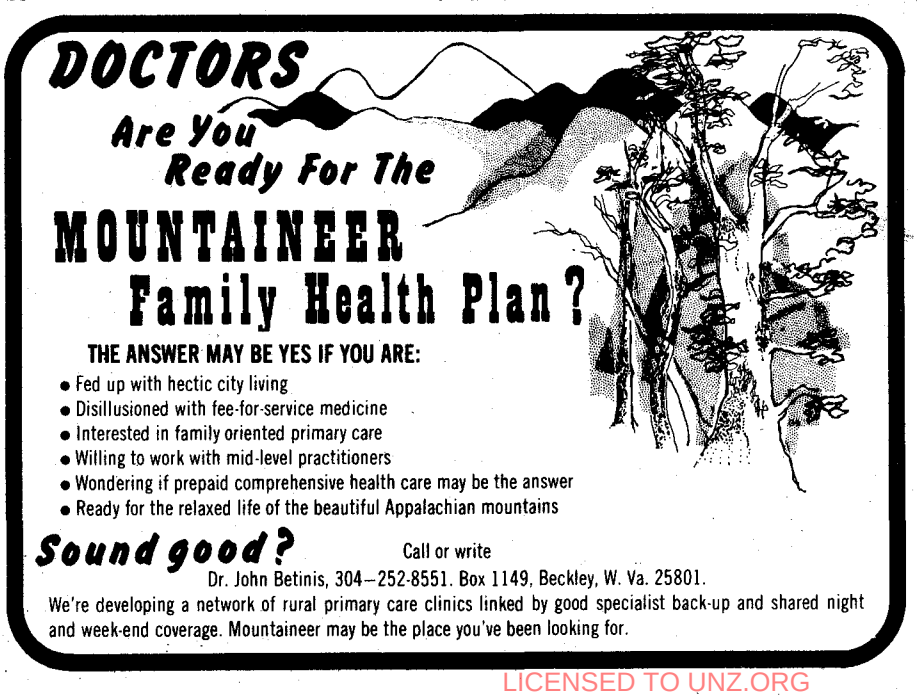
His latest collection of *New Yorker* pieces has a bit more cohesiveness than the earlier ones, for in them the interviews, which he does superlatively well, were always mixed in with his critical pieces, which he does less well. His descriptive writing about music in general tends to be flowery and a bit literary, sounding sometimes like the bad passages in a jazz novel. The latest collection hangs together better as a book because the pieces in it are organized around a kind of principle—a suite of interviews, superficially the relationship expressed in the title, *Alec Wilder and His Friends*.

Marian McPartland, Mabel Mercer, Marie Marcus, Bobby Hackett, Tony Bennett, Ruby Braff, radio comedians Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, and Blossom Dearie, the subjects of eight of the book's nine interview pieces, are all friends of the composer Alec Wilder, with whom Balliett deals in the ninth. They are in some ways a surprisingly diverse bunch. Not all of them—Bob and Ray are the exceptions, of course—have to do with music. One of them, a Cape Cod jazz pianist named Marie Marcus, is practically unknown outside her area, while another, Tony Bennett, registers just a shade under superstar magnitude. Two—Marian McPartland and Mabel Mercer—were born in England but came to America to achieve what success they have had; Blossom Dearie reversed the process.

What they have in common, first of all, is extraordinarily interesting lives—or so Whitney Balliett makes them seem. His special skill in blending and balancing exposition with quotation communicates not just the facts of a life but also its quality. He sets a scene brilliantly, with a fine eye for detail, gets his subject talking, introduces background matter only where relevant, and then only to get them talking again. It is such subtle, graceful work that when he claims Boswell as his literary antecedent, as he does, his claim is justified.

Balliett touches glancingly on tradition in a brief introductory note, quoting a familiar passage from E. M. Forster in which the English author declares his belief in "an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky . . . They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos." Balliett says that the nine in his book are members of that aristocracy who maintain that tradition, with Wilder as their "unofficial spokesman."

Too bad that Balliett did not choose his subjects with greater emphasis on this point. The musical people he writes about here are not, by any means,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leading lights in the field. None is distinguished by the sort of bold, inventive genius we come almost to expect from creators and interpreters. They are not innovators. Their importance to one another is as representatives of a musical tradition, one that Alec Wilder characterizes when he calls himself "the president of the derriere-garde." They are defenders of standards, maintainers of excellence—and this is clearly why they are important to Balliett. I only wish he had said so at length and had taken time to define that tradition in music (even though it probably would have meant dropping the Bob and Ray piece from the book). His enthusiasm for tradition in popular music and jazz is what distinguishes him, makes him unique among critics in the field, and it is what has given the "feeling tone" to these fine interviews.

**Bruce Cook**

Bruce Cook *is a staff writer on film and music for* The National Observer.

# More Feminism

## Between Myth and Morning: Women Awakening by Elizabeth Janeway

(Morrow; $8.95)

Elizabeth Janeway's first study of women, *Man's World, Woman's Place* (1971), was the one book about sexism that I admired and yet felt comfortable giving to more conventional friends, female or male. Her way of presenting radical ideas as common sense, with the absence of accusatory terms from her vocabulary, made her seem less militant than she really was. Nor was she partisan. She could analyze the relationship between sexism and capitalism without siding with those who see either one exclusively as the original sin. She could examine archetypes or the economy with equal skill. It was Janeway who clarified how the women's movement here was a late bloom on the plant of American individualist democracy and suggested that the flower children of the '60s had learned their love ethic in the feminized suburbs and for

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that very reason were out of touch with marketplace realities.

This book is a collection of essays written, with the exception of a few book reviews, since *Man's World, Woman's Place*, and I am disappointed in it for I had expected some further development of the insights tendered there. The very nature of the book precludes development, however. Articles first published in *Boardroom Reports* or as a 10,000 word survey of the women's movement for inclusion in a psychiatric textbook under the heading "Contemporary Social Problems" are unlikely to break new ground, although this second essay is in fact a brilliant summary of feminist issues. Instead Janeway has become her own popularizer, summarizing and explaining to a new audience what she's already said.

Since the volume encourages repetition, the same basic points are made again and again—how many women are working, but at lower salaries than men; how child care must improve in order to create conditions under which women can compete with men; how the so-called sexual revolution did not really free women but only made it hard to say no. But I do believe we can't hear often enough that

> *the effect of closing the male/female split is to turn the one that separates the weak from the powerful into an abyss. Alliance with women removes from men the protection of maleness against rape by the powerful. Note the premise underlying this fear: if power has no bounds, it will extend to physical misuse. The paradigmatic act of the powerful, performed upon the weak, is rape.*

Language like this allows men as well as women to realize that Janeway is talking to them, aware of their handicap in not being the initiators in today's shifts in sex roles.

This generosity toward men can perhaps be seen in Janeway's partial rehabilitation of Freud, a rehabilitation she shares, incidentally, with more radical feminists such as Phyllis Chesler and Juliet Mitchell. Janeway attempts to prove that although Freud wrote about the "fact" of female castration (so obviously contrary to fact, since girls cannot literally be castrated), he was himself aware of "castration" as a metaphor for female powerlessness, and that his insights into human behavior should not be rejected out of hand. The article is sensitive in its treatment of Freud and his famous Dora, but says little that's new about human behavior or even about Freud's usefulness to us.

There is, to be sure, a tone of future triumph to this collection that was absent from the first book, a sense of movement, as well as a community of Movement, of progress—to use that old-fashioned word. Janeway believes both that changes can take place now, within the system, and also that the profound changes of how we think of ourselves as sexual beings and hence in how we organize our society are inevitably coming. These two ideas are not necessarily contradictory, of course, but nowhere does she acknowledge their potential for conflict. Perhaps this fuzziness arises in part from her observation of how the "system" has already changed. In her analysis contemporary attitudes toward women are an anachronistic holdover from an earlier economy; our present economy, in order to survive and prosper efficiently, must provide better working conditions for women. An appeal to efficiency doesn't sound like radical change; and yet it's hard to tell since the individual articles are addressed to slightly different audiences and ideas are denied the room to unfold.

With all its good sense and clear statement, *Between Myth and Morning* is a symptom of how the women's movement has failed for the past few years to generate any new ideas. Can it really be true that Millet and Firestone, Mitchell and Chesler, and Janeway herself have said it all? Is it premature to expect some startling new analysis? Is such an expectation itself suspect, based on a desire for celebrity and publicity, for thrills? Whatever the reason the movement seems to me instead to be filtering down. My colleagues and next-door neighbors today reject ideas they subscribed to only a few years back—mostly about dress and employment; students are more satisfied to have female teachers. Undoubtedly it will take a much longer time for the interplay between what we feel and what we do to foster profound change.

**Joan Joffe Hall**

JOAN JOFFE HALL *is on leave this year from the University of Connecticut at Storrs.*

# Fine Print

*The* Postmen's *Rehash*

**Doris Grumbach**

If you have just returned to this country from a long stay in say, central Africa or Tahiti, or in the orbit of the moon, absent since June 16, 1972, your vagueness about what Watergate was, is, cannot be blamed upon the ubiquitous and prolific writers, reporters, editors of *The Washington Post*.

I am not here taking into account such peripheral books as *The Presidential Transcripts*, which Delacorte published recently, and put together "in conjunction with the staff of *The Washington Post*." This almost-instant volume contained forewords to sections of the transcripts by Bob Woodward, Carl Bernstein, Haynes Johnson, Lawrence Meyer. Twenty-four pages of commentaries precede the 693 pages that upon inspection turn out to be pieces reprinted from the *Post*.

Nor am I counting the recent book **Inside Story**, by Brit Hume (Doubleday; $7.95), even though Hume tells us about his experiences working for Jack Anderson's column, "Merry-Go-Round," which appears daily in *TWP*. After all most of the book concerns pre-Watergate events like the Dita Beard-ITT scandal, the Al Capp girl-chasing event, and the Eagleton revelations in which Anderson had a hand. Hume says he left Anderson, in part over the Eagleton story, so only a few of the final pages deal with Anderson's coverage of Watergate matters, and these after Hume had departed.

The newly returned traveler might look at Art Buchwald's collected works on the subject of Watergate, more than 125 newspaper columns from the Washington-based humorist, all of which

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appeared in *TWP*. The book is entitled **I Am Not a Crook** (Putnam; $6.95), and may be thought to be peripheral to a searcher's desire for hard facts. But on the other hand these satiric interludes by one of the world's funniest writers may in the long run turn out to be a major source for historical analysis. Who knows what feeding Buchwald into the clutches of a cliometrically programmed computer will do for our great-grandchildren looking for an accurate picture of those days.

Back to the mainstream of products by *Post* men. There was, foremost, the best-selling **All the President's Men** (Simon & Schuster; $8.95) by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, the best of the *Post* scripts about Watergate. It was fluent and yet did not give the feeling of instant production; it was literate and readable without being written entirely in basic English. It was a thriller like *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, but now it appears to have been only the first skirmish in the reportorial war, the sourcebook for the flood.

But, for that long-absent traveler's education, I have on hand two new books. The first is **The Fall of the President** "by the staff of *The Washington Post*" (Delacorte; $8.95), a series of short essays that attempt to follow and analyze Richard Nixon's career, as boy and man. This book is the result of cooperation among *Post* people Richard Harwood, Haynes Johnson, "Woodstein," Lou Cannon, Lawrence Meyer, Richard M. Cohen, Jules Witcover (co-author, remember, of *A Heartbeat Away*, the story of Spiro Agnew), David S. Broder and Hobart Rowen. One-third of this book is documents: chronologies, a list of the President's men, articles of impeachment, etc. Another of the *Post*men's instant books, this comes complete with an introduction provided by two *Post* editors rarely seen in print, Howard Simons and Benjamin C. Bradlee.

And lest any of the *Post*men be left without a personal word for the public record, we also have Barry Sussman's **The Cover-up:** *Nixon and the Scandal of Watergate* (Crowell; $7.95) which, the jacket tells us, is "the first complete account from the break-in to the resignation."

Sussman is the man who, in his own words, "helped supervise and direct the work of our investigative reporters Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward as the Watergate scandal emerged," and who "worked directly under Harry M. Rosenfeld, Howard Simons and Benjamin C. Bradlee." He was the editor in charge of city news at the time, and his book is written in the breezy, objective, sentence-equals-a-paragraph style of daily journalism. Only occasionally do the details of his narrative differ from other *Post* accounts and while it is interesting to look at Woodstein's activities from the viewpoint of yet another "member of the Watergate investigative team, *Washington Post*," as Sussman is identified on the jacket, the book seems repetitive and in some places self-congratulatory, especially in the pages describing the period of Nixon's reelection, when the *Post* was "out on a limb by itself."

Of course my hypothetical returnee might reproach me with the reminder that *TWP* did a historic job of tenacious, unique journalism in its work on what at first appeared to be a third-rate burglary and break-in. It cannot be blamed for some expansive shoulder-pattings, rehashing, gloating. The constant reader, however, may now be weary and long for the day when Katharine Graham's last copy boy and press man have published their reminiscences on the subject.

**An apology** to the president of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Roger W. Straus, Jr., who says in no uncertain terms that a) he is *not* Norman Mailer's publisher, b) never promised him the rose garden of one million dollars attributed to him in this column of September 28th, and c) would not have done so even if he *had* the money which, d) he says he does not have. He says the error goes back to something he told a reporter for *The New York Times* that in a later news report was made into this mistaken attribution. Little-Brown is the culprit, or the beneficiary of the expected profits, whichever way you choose to look at it.

**For your information:** Praeger Publishers tells me that, in at least one case in *their* recent experience, they have found that reviews *do* sell books, to wit, *Charmed Circle*, the biography of Gertrude Stein by James R. Mellow. The book was extraordinarily well received critically. Praeger has to date sold more than 25,000 copies, having spent only $10,400 on advertising and publicity. With not a single negative review, Praeger is no doubt right in pointing to the effect of such *succès d'estime*. I have a small doubt. At this time it would be hard *not* to sell a book on Gertrude Stein and her charmed circle.

## Kauffmann, *from page 22*

a leading role, is unobtrusiveness: his sole interest is the character's genuineness.

Ullmann is much more recognizably an actress. I do *not* mean phony. Her art, of a different texture from Josephson's, is to let you see her creating the truth. For instance, there's a scene where her husband tells her he is leaving her for another woman. (If you can believe that a man could leave Ullmann for anyone.) She manages more or less to restrain herself until he goes, then she telephones a friend and discovers that he and others knew about the affair long ago. This pulls out the stopper. We know, as experienced actor-watchers, that an outburst is coming, and we watch to see how she will do it at the same time that she is moving us. What a carefully planned, truthfully based series of symbols she gives us. We get pleasure from the fact that there are no clichés at the same time that she wrings us. (And her security in *action* comes from the fact that she is playing in Swedish. English upsets her somewhat, even her movement.)

The history of this marriage is relatively commonplace. No concrete Problem: he leaves her, as is so often the case, because he is dissatisfied with himself, not her. He is a failed poet and, with her, a somewhat failed lover. (His verbalized excuse is that he's tired of their routined life.) She has been hot-tempered and demanding. Other lovers open sexuality further to her, and she becomes somewhat gentler. He, too, discovers more about sex, also about the inevitability of routines. After some analytic scenes that bog down slightly because they were not intended to be piled up this way, we get their brief reunion at the end, with its touch of what might have been, still what

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couldn't have been if they had stayed together.

Josephson has a key line near the end: "I've noticed that actually you can say anything you like about anyone at all. Somehow it always fits." This lack of specificity is the specifics of the picture. In the modern world of extended consciousness, almost anything is true of almost anyone if you just wait long enough. These *Scenes* take some looks along the spectrums of two lives in a society where character-labels get pasted one on top of another as on well-traveled luggage and where no *fait* is finally *accompli*.

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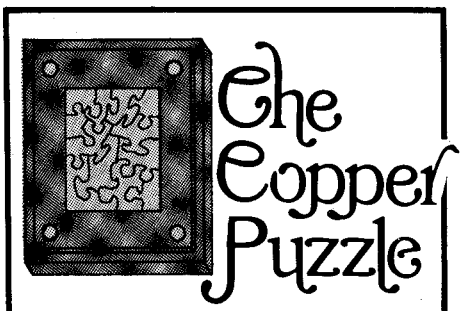


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